Eric Bentley on PETER WEISS

THE NATION

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

January 10, 1966 . . 35c

THE BIG BLACKOUT

Whooping Cranes & Power Failures

LAWRENCE J. HOLLANDER

The Stepsons of Foggy Bottom HENRY S. VILLARD

The Open Door of Henry Wallace RONALD RADOSH

Maine's Year of The Donkey DAVID L. GRAHAM

Reviews

MANDELSTAM by Donald Fanger

WAS TOLSTOY A GENTLEMAN? by Andrew Field

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

The cut of the cane

New York City

Dear Sirs: Richard M. Gummere's delightful article "Discipline in the Dark: On Beating School Children" (*The Nation*, Dec. 6) conjured up . . . my own London school days. Not being a "young Englishman of the aristocracy nor an empire builder," I was pressed into the proletariat at a very early age.

I attended the Westminster Jews Free School, an institution supported by the Rothschilds and the Montefiores, where children marked time until they were 14 years of age, and then entered industry or obtained minor clerical jobs. To this forbidding, fortresslike structure there came, twice a week, the Reverend G. to conduct religious services. I recall one of these services when the Reform rabbi, dressed strikingly like an Anglican minister, turned his back on us to face the East, as was the custom. In the midst of this, a fellow student's disrespectful face made me smile. The Reverend caught my smirk and his retribution was swift. In a towering rage, he called for the "book and cane." A monitor sped to the headmaster's office for the instrument of torture, and my name was entered in the offenders' book. The victim had a choice of either getting the caning on his backside or taking it on his hands. The process of lying prostrate across a desk and taking the punishment did not square with my sense of dignity, so I held out my hand. As the cane came swishing down, I felt as if a sharp knife had cut into my skin or molten lead had been poured on it. For a moment everything turned black as I held out my other hand for the second stroke. . . . Later, in trying to digest this experience, I kept thinking if God was merciful, why did he need such a cruel intermediary as the Reverend G., and on the other hand, maybe God was not merciful, especially to children. . . . After fifty years, I still feel the cutting sting of that cane.

Alfred Chalk

Zeeland, N.D.

Dear Sirs: If Richard M. Gummere, Jr. would leave his ivy walls at Columbia (where students compete to attend) and visit some of the nearby slum schools, he might acquire a more realistic outlook. Perhaps a student would mistake him for a teacher and pull a razor blade upon him. . . .

Your writer might also examine New York State law, which makes it almost impossible to expel a child from school. If an unruly student cannot be removed from the classroom, often only physical force can prevent him from making learning impossible for everyone else. Has the writer never spanked his own children? Does he not realize that school children are immature and often closer to animals than to adults? . . . Until men are angels, spanking is a necessary ultimate threat such as the strike is in labor negotiations. . . .

Reginald F. McKeen, Jr.

New York City

Dear Sirs: I've spent a day in a New York City "600 School" and talked at length with teachers of disadvantaged kids in New York, Washington and Chicago, as well as with teachers in rural schools, and I've lived both on the Upper West Side of New York City and in Dutchess County, N.Y., and I'm neither blind nor deaf.

Though I've taught elementary school five years and handled there some excruciatingly difficult kids without force, I wouldn't last half an hour, with any known method of discipline, in a classroom full of socio-economically disadvantaged children; I take my hat off to those who can, with force or without it—a little more humbly to the latter (who may be far more numerous than the population realizes). . . .

Rather than harp on the hypothetical incorrigibility of the young, why not on the patent unsuitability of much of today's curriculum and pedagogy for *any* young people, let alone the disadvantaged?

The main purpose of my article was not to criticize teachers but to call for more honest and factual study of discipline in its relation to the school and the society.

Richard M. Gummere, Jr.

Functionary rhetoric

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Robert G. Sherrill, in "The Consensus Marchers" [*The Nation*, Dec. 13], names the aide of McGeorge Bundy who talked to the peace-march leaders as Sherman Cooper. However, the *Los Angeles Times* of Nov. 28 gave his name as Chester Cooper. I would accept the *Times* as correct for the following reason.

Si Casady, president of the California Democratic Council, has been under fire of the party hierarchy for his critical stand on the Vietnamese war. Governor Brown arranged for Mr. Casady to receive a briefing in Washington. Mr. Casady subsequently reported to several of the clubs. The gentleman who "briefed" him was Chester Cooper, who evidently functions when nuisances come to the White House. Mr. Casady informed us that Mr. Cooper told him that "we are

(*Continued on page 45*)

THE NATION

Monday, January 10, 1966
Volume 202, No. 2

In this issue

EDITORIALS
29

ARTICLES
32 Kremlin Diplomacy: First Year for the New Team
Isaac Deutscher
33 The Big Blackout: Whooping Cranes & Power Failures
Lawrence J. Hollander
36 Begrudged Diplomats: The Stepsons of Foggy Bottom
Henry S. Villard
39 The Open Door of Henry Wallace
Ronald Radosh
43 Government by Freshmen: Maine's Year of the Donkey
David L. Graham

BOOKS AND THE ARTS
46 Posthumously Rehabilitated
Donald Fanger
47 Was Tolstoy A Gentleman?
Andrew Field
48 Mutual Misunderstanding
John Gimbel
48 His Gift (poem)
Betty Sharp Adcock
50 Thank God for Goering!
Alexander Werth
51 Letter from Berlin
Helga Lohr
54 Theatre
Harold Clurman
55 Art
Max Kozloff
56 Variation on a Theme by Robert Graves (poem)
George Stade
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 56)
Frank W. Lewis

James J. Storrow, Jr., Publisher
Anne Abramovitz, Assistant to Publisher

Carey McWilliams, Editor
Robert Hatch, Managing Editor
Warren Miller, Literary Editor
Helen Yglesias, Assistant Literary Editor
Marion Hess, Copy Editor

Robert G. Sherrill, Washington
Alexander Werth, Paris

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Max Kozloff, Art
Benjamin Boretz, Music
Carl Dreher, Science
Michael Goldman, Poetry

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Jan. 10, 1966, Vol. 202, No. 2

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1966 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y., 10014. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And Now Thailand

Last February the United States extended the war from South to North Vietnam; subsequently the great build-up of American air, sea and land power began. All this was attended by publicity on a commensurate scale—while protesting our eagerness for negotiations, we made no secret of the fact that we would starve, shoot and bomb into submission those Vietnamese who had ideas differing from our own on what was good for Vietnam. That we have also been threatening to extend the land war into Laos and Cambodia any diligent newspaper reader must know by now.

In contrast, our operations in Thailand have been so well concealed that few Americans at home are aware of their scope. Many will be astonished to hear that we now have 5,000 civilian and U.S. Government personnel living there, and at last count no less than 10,000 soldiers and air men. Thai-American air and naval bases are used for a large part of our operations against North Vietnam and the Communist-controlled areas of Laos. American engineers are building roads into the interior, U.S. air men have long been training Thai pilots, and a few hundred Peace Corps workers lend an air of benevolence to all these preparations for a still bigger war in Southeast Asia.

In short, it is now Thailand's turn to do its bit for freedom, American style. The situation there is about at the stage of South Vietnam two or three years ago. The military planning by and for Thailand began in 1954, with the formation in Manila of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, with headquarters in Bangkok. SEATO was never much more than a paper alliance, but its provisions did contain a safeguarding clause for the Asian members: decisions to take military action were to be unanimous. In 1962, with the Pathet Lao approaching the Mekong River, Secretary Rusk, with the agreement of Thailand's foreign minister, reinterpreted the SEATO pact to permit U.S. intervention without action by the other SEATO members. This was entirely to the liking of the Thai rulers, who had already had a taste of American money. To date, $800 million has gone into this country of 30 million people, mostly peasants. The late Marshal Sarit Thanarat, who had more wives and concubines than Brigham Young ever dreamed of, treated them generously with some of these funds. For a long time after he died Thai ladies kept turning up, appealing for houses and Cadillacs to assuage their grief.

While we were moving in, the Chinese and their friends in Thailand were not idle. Most of their activity centered in the wild northeast provinces, which adjoin the Communist-controlled parts of Laos. A few weeks ago Peking announced that two partly or wholly Communist Thai organizations had merged under the name of the more important one, the Patriot Front. The membership is said not to exceed 1,000, but in the Northeast there are also some 40,000 refugees who fled from North Vietnam after the partition of 1954. As Thailand becomes another American satellite, though with all deference to the feelings of Thai royalty and the ruling caste, the makings of another Vietnam insurrection are clearly visible.

Upper-class prosperity is guaranteed in any country that will join us in the crusade against communism. But there must be at least a billion and a half human beings in the underdeveloped world who have nothing to offer but their needs, which we could not satisfy to any considerable degree even if we were to give their welfare priority over everything else. This neglected half of humanity will not starve in quiet passivity. A certain proportion, as in Vietnam now, and in Thailand soon, will turn to guerrilla warfare against their rulers and against us. According to one calculation, we would require 25 million troops to occupy these hostile areas as we are now occupying Southeast Asia. The Nazis only tried to occupy Europe, the Japanese were content with a Greater Southeast Asian "co-prosperity sphere." Those were mild lunacies compared with the furor which has taken hold of the military-industrial complex of the United States.

The Lindsay Test

For years the dogma has prevailed that serving as mayor of New York was not merely one of the toughest administrative jobs in the country but actually impossible—a dead end for politicians and a graveyard of hope and promise. Accordingly, John V. Lindsay has been pictured as a lamb being led to the slaughter. Prophecy in politics is perilous, but *The Nation* suspects that Mayor Lindsay will disappoint those who wish him ill and gratify the many who hope, however skeptically, that he will succeed.

His handicaps are a divided legislature in Albany and a divided city council, but neither is insuperable. The city's problems are so grievous, and so much attention has been focused on them, that political saboteurs and hatchet men will have to move warily. Both parties are on trial; both have a good deal more at stake than petty advantage. Mr. Lindsay will get more cooperation than would be normal under the circumstances.

He inherits an enormous deficit—but he inherits it. It was not he who ran New York so deep into the red, and not even his severest critics can demand a quick transition into the black. The prospect is for a $500 million deficit by January 1, 1967, and recovery cannot even begin until some time after that. But Lindsay has the confidence of the New York banking community as few of his predecessors have had it. They want him to succeed, not only because he is a Republican and a political type to their liking but because they have enormous investments in the city which

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be jeopardized by a continuation of fiscal acrobatics.

The new Mayor is liked also by the media; if he turns in a reasonably competent performance and commits no egregious errors, he is assured of a good press. He has started out with some excellent appointments and he will make more. He can do so, because outstanding men who would not have worked for a mediocre mayor will lend Lindsay a hand.

Riding above these advantages, moreover, are Lindsay's legislative know-how and his contacts in Washington, where the money must now be found for anything creative in urban affairs. Lindsay had a part in putting on the federal statute books many of the measures which can help pull the city out of the morass into which it has sunk through years of neglect and mismanagement. The federal government has provided for New York—or any other city that needs assistance—an adequate set of tools for the work to be done. Medicare will channel funds into the city hospitals, a major item in the city's budget. Federal funds are available for mass transit, for combating air and water pollution, for education, for coping with at least the most crucial problems of poverty and waste of human resources.

The troubles of New York are the troubles of practically all the great cities. Precisely because the difficulties are so formidable, they confront Mayor Lindsay with a test and a challenge of nation-wide proportions. The city has two options—to sink lower or to start going up. Any substantial improvement will have an enormously stimulating effect on all those who are struggling with the problems of urbanization. Lindsay has four years in which to show results. *The Nation* is not alone in wishing him well.

'Blooped Out'

The phrase refers to deletion of something on an audio-video broadcast tape that is deemed superfluous or ill-advised. Figuratively, it can also happen to a person. Fifteen years ago it happened to Jean Muir and many others—they were blooped out of the movie, TV and radio industries, with only the legitimate theatre offering a small minority a chance to continue making a living. Since then a few—John Henry Faulk being the most prominent—have fought back and made political black-listing a somewhat perilous profession. Some tried other ways of rehabilitating themselves. Jean Muir was one of these. She was never a Communist, but that did not save her. Recently she wanted to tell of her experiences, for ten minutes or so, on a WABC-TV program called *Girl Talk*. Girl talk apparently must not extend to such unpleasant topics as black-listing, and the producer proceeded to bloop out Miss Muir's story, on the ground that libel might be involved.

If the broadcasters had let her talk, they would have been better off, since they were unable to bloop out Jack Gould, who reported the whole affair in *The New York Times* on Christmas Day. Miss Muir was dropped in August, 1950, from the cast of *The Aldrich Family*, a popular program sponsored by General Foods Corporation. With scores of others, she became unemployable because the sponsor, or the sponsor's advertising agency, considered it inexpedient to engage artists who might be accused of harboring views offensive to some viewers. The only artists who were safe were those who had never had any political views, or those whose ideology conformed with that of Sen. Joe McCarthy's loyal followers. The advertising agency in the Muir case was Young & Rubicam, and the network was the National Broadcasting Company. Miss Muir intended to mention all three as parties to her dismissal, as indeed she had mentioned them in an earlier radio program over WBAI-FM.

There is nothing to indicate that N.B.C., Young & Rubicam or General Foods had anything to do with the current blooping-out. This was done by A.B.C. Films, a subsidiary of the American Broadcasting Company, which operates WABC-TV. The counsel for A.B.C. Films became exercised over possible defamation of the advertising agency or the sponsor. The earlier defamation of Miss Muir did not concern A.B.C. Films at all. A recital of the facts could go only a little way toward righting a wrong, but it might also militate against a recurrence. This was not to be weighed against the possible displeasure of those who had done the wrong, and might do it again.

The incident may be regarded as a timely warning. It means in essence that, fifteen years later, we are still living psychologically in the black-list era. The taboos that must not be violated are the taboos that ruled then, the interests that were sacred then are sacred still. The TV executives have learned something, perhaps, but there is much more that they have not learned, and probably are incapable of learning.

The NEA's Panic Button

Some organizations that call themselves friends of the Southern Negro have the most flabbergasting way of showing it. None is more consistently flabbergasting than the National Education Association, which last week came out with a report intended to prove that Negro teachers are being victimized—fired or demoted—by Southern communities that ruefully submit to federal demands for integration. The report, unfortunately, is a messy compilation of slipshod research and is likely to be used by hold-out segregationists as an argument that, see! the Feds are still distorting the picture!

For gathering their data in seventeen Southern and border states, NEA researchers allowed themselves only two weeks—and you can tell it. Three months ago the NEA predicted it would find at least 1,000 displaced teachers in the South. It didn't, but it did a pretty good job of disguising how far short it fell. The heart of the NEA's complaint is that "racial, rather than professional, reasons have caused 452 Negro teachers in the South to lose their jobs or be demoted to jobs beneath their qualifications." Most of these, it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

said, were displaced when integration of a community's white school brought about the closing of the Negro school.

A closer look at the report discloses, on page 39, that the 452 teachers have melted to only 427 "valid for this study," and that of these, 216 were Negro teachers in Florida who flunked the National Teachers Examination and had to take a pay cut—just like white teachers who flunked it.

All of a sudden, 452 become 211 teachers who were actually found by the NEA to have been fired or demoted for racial reasons. The whole report is blemished by this hocus-pocus quality.

Of the teachers who lost their jobs as the result of school closings, only 15 per cent were not later rehired somewhere else in the area. So it seems fair to suppose that perhaps—just perhaps—some of the Negro teachers *should* have been fired. Did the NEA research team delve into that possibility? When the question was put to Samuel B. Ethridge, coordinator for the NEA study, he replied shortly, "We're not in the business of evaluating teachers. Inasmuch as some of these teachers have taught in Negro schools for years, I would assume they are qualified."

That is precisely what the NEA should not assume. The low quality of Negro schools in the South is largely the result of poorly trained teachers who were themselves the products of a cruelly shoddy school system. The cycle must be broken; when it is, some Negro teachers will be hurt.

Of course there is discrimination against the employment of Negro teachers in integrated schools in the South (and in the North). The fact that there are today 1,200 Negro students but only one Negro teacher in previously all-white Alabama schools would suggest that student bodies are going to be fairly well blended long before faculties are.

But a mere head count will never tell the story. If the NEA really wants to help, it will borrow some more money from the U.S. Office of Education and go back down there to see how many *qualified* Negro teachers are being harried out of the profession and how many *un*qualified white teachers are still on the payroll. Such a study would be of historic importance in the education world, since it would signify that the NEA has finally come around to recognizing that certified teachers are not necessarily qualified teachers.

Peter Weiss and Wolf Biermann

Peter Weiss's play, known for short as *Marat/Sade*, opened at the Schiller Theater in West Berlin in the spring of 1964. It dramatized the viewpoints of the two title roles, Marat standing for social revolution, Sade for a desperate individualism. The West Berlin production gave to most observers the impression that the author sympathized with Sade, though oddly enough the director was a Pole and presumably a Marxist. It seems that Weiss approved the West Berlin production at the time, and as late as November, 1964, was still not siding with Marat when he gave a B.B.C. interview to A. Alvarez. A change became public, however, when the *Marat/Sade* production that opened in East Germany in March of 1965 gave unmistakable preference to Marat.

Weiss endorsed this interpretation immediately, and again later when he attended the Writers' Conference in Weimar in May. (That the Communists got him to this conference was itself a coup—America was not represented by anyone approaching Weiss's stature.) When the B.B.C. interview finally appeared in print, in the July-August, 1965 issue of the theatre magazine, *Encore*, Weiss wrote a letter to state that it was "ten months old" and out of date. This is the postscript which *The New York Times* has appended to its reprint of the interview (December 26), as if it were a brand-new statement specially written for them—even the figure "ten months" is unchanged, though it is now well over a year since the interview took place. In the early autumn of 1965, Weiss brought out in several different publications (one East and three West, I believe) his "Ten Theses," a document which now has a considerable underground reputation in countries where it has not been published at all, like the USSR and the U.S. The tenth thesis contains this sentence: "As between the two possibilities of choice which today remain to me I see only in the Socialist order of society the possibility of removing the existent inequities in the world." (For the record it should be added that *The National Guardian* gave a fairly lengthy account of the "Ten Theses" in its December 11 issue, and that *The Nation* applied for the right to print the whole text but did not get it).

Some *Nation* readers will agree with Weiss. Others will reject his main premise: that one must choose between the Eastern and the Western blocs. We do not think that the West must go to Kosygin or Mao for its socialism, or that our counterparts in the East must come to Lyndon Johnson for freedom. However, it is less important that we record our opinions on such matters than that we observe what is going on—namely, that Western intellectuals are tending more and more to reject "the West," *and* that the dialectical counterpart to this is that Eastern intellectuals are tending more and more to reject "the East."

The news about Peter Weiss in the latter part of 1965 is matched by the news of one of the leading artists of East Germany, Wolf Biermann. Biermann is a poet who sets his things to music and sings them to his own guitar accompaniment in cabarets or wherever else he is invited. He is a Marxist and was in the Communist Party till Ulbricht read him out of it about a year ago. His songs are fiercely anti-Stalinist, and therefore unfriendly to the ruling clique in the German party. On December 5 came Erich Apel's suicide. Any cultural ice that had thawed quickly froze again. Biermann was denounced in a 351-line article in the party organ, *Neues Deutschland*. Openly defiant at first, Biermann later wrote to *Der Spiegel*, which had featured his defiance, asking them to please lay off. At last report, he had left Berlin for an island in the Baltic.

ERIC BENTLEY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kremlin Diplomacy

FIRST YEAR for the NEW TEAM . . Isaac Deutscher

On balance, the foreign policy pursued by the new men in the Kremlin during 1965 has not been favorable to the Soviet Government. After Khrushchev's downfall, his successors blamed him for the tension between Russia and China, the anti-Russian uproar in Eastern Europe, the virtual dissolution of Comecon and, not least, a deadlock in Russo-American relations. Brezhnev and Kosygin set out to correct Khrushchev's "errors"; and, without abandoning the intention to cultivate the *détente* with the West, hoped to repair the broken friendship with China. As a token of the peacefulness of their policy, they reduced military expenditures in their first budget. Toward China they made a gesture which was more than symbolic: they stopped all public polemic against the Chinese and resumed direct negotiations.

None of these efforts, it appears, has met with striking success. After a year in office, Mr. Kosygin speaks about a deterioration of Russo-American relations and raises defense expenditure; in his interview with James Reston of *The New York Times* he dismissed as untimely any suggestion of a meeting between himself and President Johnson. On the other hand, after a year during which the Russians (though not the Chinese) refrained from any public controversy over ideology, they are again broadcasting mutual polemics for the whole world to hear.

This simultaneous deterioration in Russia's relations with both the United States and China results, to some extent, from the course of the war in Vietnam. Peking and Moscow continue to disagree over policy there, although they have not so far defined any clear alternatives. The Chinese charge the Russians with being lukewarm and stingy in allocating aid to the Vietcong; whereas the Russians accuse the Chinese of making impossible a united Communist front over Vietnam. The Chinese have in fact obstructed any major Russian engagement in North Vietnam. They fear that if the Russians pour men and supplies into that country, they will come to control it and will then "sell it down the river" to the Americans. But the Chinese, for all their verbal belligerence, have themselves also avoided military involvement in Vietnam. The aloofness of the two big brothers may well suit the Hanoi government, but only as long as American escalation does not make massive help a matter of life or death. That point has evidently not yet been reached.

But are the Russians really prepared to sell North Vietnam down the river? They vigorously deny the accusation, professing themselves second to none in their hostility toward American intervention. It is therefore still hardly possible to detect significant differences between the Russian and Chinese utterances on the situation. Both invoke the Geneva agreements; both call for an end to American bombardments; both demand the withdrawal of American troops; and both know that the United States is in no mood to accept any of these demands. The supposed differences between Moscow's "soft line" and Peking's "tough line" may become more substantial and evident at a later stage of the war, when the United States has grown more weary of the fighting and more inclined to negotiate. Until then the complicated Russo-Chinese maneuvers over Vietnam will to some extent be shadowboxing.

Bernie, Paris: Ben Roth

"Excuse Me, Sir! . . . Somebody Pushed Me! . . ."

Isaac Deutscher is the author of many books on the USSR, among them The Great Contest: Russia and the West, *and a three-volume life of Trotsky (both Oxford University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The present Soviet leaders are nevertheless careful not to plunge back into full-dress ideological controversy with Maoism; they avoid the theological fury that characterized the exchanges in Khrushchev's days. While Peking's anti-revisionist vehemence remains unabated, Moscow retorts only rarely and controls its language.

This reticence and prudence have brought Messrs. Brezhnev and Kosygin some dividends. By the time of Khrushchev's downfall Moscow was almost isolated in the Communist camp—even anti-Chinese Communists thought that the Russians had gone too far in their attacks on Maoism. Moscow has now regained much of the Communist support in Europe and has managed to neutralize many Asian Communists. Today, the Chinese are increasingly isolated. As their accusations grow wilder, they become less convincing. Few Communists can swallow, for instance, Chinese allegations of capitalism in the USSR.

The Chinese have in addition committed a number of major mistakes and suffered several major defeats. They brought discredit upon themselves last summer when they rashly declared their support for Colonel Boumedienne, the new Algerian dictator, while most of the Algerian Left was still desperately resisting Boumedienne's *coup d'état*. The Chinese hoped to secure through Boumedienne the convocation of the Afro-Asian conference in Algiers and to exclude the Russians from it. These tactics appeared unscrupulous even to many pro-Chinese Communists.

Then, during the conflict between India and Pakistan, the moral support which Peking gave Gen. Ayub Khan also outraged many of China's leftist friends in Asia and Africa who were inclined to wash their hands of both Shastri and Ayub Khan.

Most important—indeed momentous—has been the defeat which Chinese policy has recently suffered in Indonesia. For years the Indonesian Communists, led by Mr. Aidit and strongly supported by the Chinese, cultivated the so-called Front of National Unity under General Sukarno. They hailed the General as Indonesia's "national and revolutionary hero" — with results that are now clear. Even at the height of the anti-Communist terror in Jakarta, the Indonesian Communist party did not cease to appeal for protection to Sukarno.

The defeat of Indonesian communism has changed the political balance in Asia for quite a few years to come, even if the Communist party eventually recovers. In the whole history of international communism there are only two comparable defeats: one suffered by the Chinese party at Chiang Kai-shek's hands in 1927, and the other inflicted upon the German party by Hitler in 1933.

Aidit's policy vis-à-vis Sukarno was, by Communist standards, extremely "opportunistic" and rightist. Many Communists have been puzzled that Peking supported it; and they have seen this support as casting doubt on the sincerity of the Maoist strictures against "Khrushchevite opportunism." The defeat of Indonesian communism is therefore Maoism's defeat as well.

The net result of these developments is a considerable improvement in Russia's tactical position vis-à-vis China. If the Soviet leaders can maintain or improve it still further, they may well regain some of the elbow room they had lost; and may take more initiative in international affairs than they could afford in the last few years. In that case, they could assume once again the role of peacemaker between the United States and Communist Vietnam.

But the time for this is not yet at hand. And no Soviet government can afford to ignore Chinese susceptibilities, as Khrushchev ignored them, without being offered some *quid pro quo* by the Americans. Kosygin has made his terms of the bargain fairly clear; the price of any new Russo-American accommodation is NATO's unequivocal refusal to allow the Federal German Republic any access, direct or indirect, to nuclear weapons. The fact that the American Administration in the past year has repeatedly shelved this issue has probably brought a few sighs of relief to Moscow. But the deeper anxiety remains. It is always easier, the Russians reason, to stop a local war in Southeast Asia than to wrest nuclear weapons from German hands, once the Germans have been allowed to get hold of them.

For Russia, therefore, the latent crisis in Europe, which grows with the new rise of German military power, overshadows the open crisis in Asia.

THE BIG BLACKOUT

Whooping Cranes & Power Failures

Lawrence J. Hollander

In 1886, William Stanley, an early associate of George Westinghouse, installed one of the first transmission lines in this country. From his laboratory in Great Barrington, Mass., he operated a 4,000-foot line to the center of town to supply electricity for 150 lamps. Ever since the first blackout of that system—for surely there must have been one—power failures have grown in magnitude to encompass in one single failure more and more people, equipment, communities, cities, states and, in November, 1965, even countries.

What Sputnik did for science, the great blackout did for electric power engineering. Plain people and students, politicians and statesmen, painters and secretaries, policemen and straphangers are asking questions about electric power, grids, networks, generators, synchronism, stability and relays. Everyone is asking questions and there are so few who can give the answers. The conversation starts

Lawrence J. Hollander, First Vice President of the New York Chapter of Professional Engineers, is assistant to the dean of New York University's School of Engineering and Science. His scholarly field is electric power generation, transmission and distribution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with: "Where were you . . .?" Sabotage? No, but it might be suggested that had there been a good supply of technically qualified electric power engineers, the great power failure might not have occurred.

Before November 9, such engineers were as threatened with extinction as is the whooping crane. Power engineering is fast disappearing from this country; we are not taking the same interest in the preservation of this important technology as we do with our wild life. Every effort is made to preserve the whooping crane, but only the feeblest of effort is expended to preserve and improve the dwindling supply of brain power and skills that have built the greatest electrical system on earth.

It is known in academic circles that the public utilities, both the private tax-paying group and the government agencies, have for many decades considered the education of an electrical engineer beyond the level of the bachelor's degree as pure luxury. What need is there for a master's degree or a doctorate? For the first few years in the industry the low-paid "engineers" will fold blueprints, read meters, plot charts, gather statistics and perform other chores designed to make them feel like apprentices. It is only through this beating-down approach that the young engineers can be made to conform to the methods used since 1900. And why should there be a change? Even during the depression there were no layoffs.

Today's engineering student is well aware of that attitude, despite industry lip service to the contrary. It is no wonder that since World War II electrical engineering students by the tens of thousands have turned up their noses at the power industry, shifted their desires and interests to communications, computers and cryogenics. Professors of electric power found their classrooms not virtually empty, but completely empty. In fact they went out of business. Where in 1935 more than 150 major universities offered complete sequences of courses leading to degrees in electric power engineering, today the number of such schools may be counted on the fingers of one hand.

New York offers a striking example: a city having eight internationally known engineering schools, a city in which more than 10,000 students are presently studying for engineering degrees (both by sunlight and moonlight), a city in which can be found main offices of some of the most prominent consulting engineering houses, the best-known electric utilities and the largest manufacturers of electrical equipment. In this City of New York, in this scientific age, it is not possible to earn a bachelor's degree, a master's degree or a doctorate in electrical engineering with a major in electric power generation, transmission and distribution.

It has been said that some of the most spectacular achievements in science and technology have been propounded by young people, as for example, an Einstein at 26. If over a long period of time an industry does not bring in young people, that industry will suffer from stagnation and lack of innovation. This is true today in the electric power business. Engineers in the electric power companies are long lived; they have been there since the twenties, for surely the schools of this country for a score of years have not been training adequate replacements. Is it a wonder that in one of the biggest utilities the compulsory retirement age has been raised from 65 to 68?

These engineers build their power system today with not much fundamental change from what William Stanley built in 1886. It is true that after eighty years, machines are bigger, voltages are higher, system efficiencies have increased, interconnections have expanded, and reliability of service is at an all-time high. But even with all the evolutionary change, what is needed is something more radical, something which only an influx of young engineers can bring to an industry that has overmatured. It took a 30-million-people blackout to expose the ripeness and vulnerability of the great grid system which is enveloping the country like the net-type pattern on the skin of a cantaloupe.

These engineers desecrate the beauty of the land. They build power lines on all the open natural land from Storm King Mountain to the plains of Texas. If the land isn't barren, chemicals are sprayed under the power lines to "inhibit" the vegetation. As the voltage goes from high voltage to extra high voltage (EHV), the denuded strips become wider and wider. They cut across mountains, deserts, plains, cornfields, back and forth, over rivers and under the sea, ever and ever more complex. This country is getting so wound up in its grids that if all 350,000 miles of high-voltage transmission lines were laid along the equator, they would encircle the earth about fourteen times.

It is interesting to note that the latest report of the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department indicates that forty-four whooping cranes have arrived for the winter at Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge. There would have been forty-five except that one crane had been killed after colliding with a high-voltage line in Kansas on the way to Texas.

The power engineer views with alarm any development that would jeopardize the building of more and more transmission lines, higher and higher voltage lines, network ties, interties, grids and bigger grids. The towers have to be taller. Design them to look more beautiful, use helicopters to install them, fill the countryside with them, adorn them with colored porcelain, and drape the aluminum "scarecrow" tinsel (now in assorted colors) from one to the other. For what?

All of this is for the purpose of connecting one inefficient generating station to the next one. Just as two wrongs don't make a right, neither does the interconnection of many inefficient plants greatly enhance overall efficiency. Of course, efficiency is a relative thing, or is it?

In 1900, a kilowatt hour of energy required the consumption of 6 pounds of coal; today the coal is less than a pound. The National Power Survey published by the Federal Power Commission in 1964 records that during the thirty-eight years, 1925 to 1962 inclusive, the heat rate (amount of fuel required to generate one kilowatt hour) showed an improvement of 43 per cent, nearly two-thirds of which was accomplished in the fifteen years from 1925 to 1940, a golden age of the power industry.

Little improvement is to be expected in the future with the antiquated conventional steam-electric cycle, a system which in the most modern plant being built today has an overall thermal efficiency of just under 40 per cent. For every 10 tons of coal or other fossil fuel consumed, the energy of only 4 tons is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

converted into electricity and the energy of 6 tons is dumped into the river—a tremendous waste of the country's natural resources. Eighty-one per cent of the electricity generated in this country is by steam plants utilizing the energy of coal, natural gas or oil.

The National Power Survey states that even a 5 per cent improvement in generating efficiency would save 45 million tons of coal a year, thus postponing measurably the exhaustion of the limited low-cost fossil fuel supply. Why do we permit this inefficiency? Are we going to wait until we run out of fuel as we are now running out of water? Why do we not get all the energy out of the fuel? Why don't our power engineers put together new concepts of generation which will give total energy?

The natural gas industry, a mere child in the shadow of the doting electric utilities, has perfected within the last few years a system which has become known as "Total Energy," one in which the thermal efficiency is not less than 40 per cent, but more than 85 per cent. The system is so simple in concept, so fundamentally sound, that it is truly the most effective means of complying with the portion of the Federal Power Act which directs the Federal Power Commission to give ". . . regard to the proper utilization and conservation of natural resources. . . ."

In its simplest form a Total Energy plant consists of a turbine (similar to a jet engine) connected to an electric generator; the turbine being fueled with natural gas (comparable systems are available for use with other fossil fuels). The hot gases which form the exhaust of the turbine are not "dumped into the river," but are collected and used for purposes of supplying the energy needed to produce hot water, heating and air conditioning. The waste is cut from the 60 per cent found in all steam-electric plants, to less than 15 per cent. The unit supplies both heat and electricity. Visitors to the New York World's Fair saw such a plant at the gas pavilion.

Total Energy is not an engineering fancy; it is an economic fact. Only five years ago less than ten Total Energy plants were in operation; today more than 300 are at work in such places as shopping centers, motels, schools, apartment houses, factories and office buildings. It is estimated that in ten years there will be 135,000 Total Energy plants in the United States. These plants are built at the location where energy is needed, therefore are termed "on-site" generation. The wary old-time power engineers degradingly refer to Total Energy plants as "do-it-yourself" power.

Barnell

Total Energy does not have to be "do-it-yourself" power. It should have the full support of the electric utilities. In fact it should be sponsored by the electric utilities because it is good engineering, good economics, and good for the country. Bringing millions of tons of coal to cities like Chicago, Boston or New York, and then not "squeezing" all the energy out of it is the height of folly.

A Radio City should have a Total Energy plant; so should a Lincoln Center, a John Kennedy Cultural Center, a Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a Prudential Center, a Roosevelt Field Shopping Center, and every large building complex requiring combinations of heat, hot water, air conditioning and electricity in great quantities. Because it delivers combinations of energy in the forms needed, Total Energy delivers the most energy per unit of fuel.

Of course, every great technological advance has been mocked at the outset; but here, with efficiencies doubled, energy costs are reduced, and that is important. It has been demonstrated, for example, that for installations at shopping centers, the developers make a profit from the Total Energy plant through the sale of electricity to the tenants. In fact, the profit is sometimes greater than that received from rents.

In New York and other big cities, with great compactness of tall buildings, such requirements for hot water, heating, air conditioning and process steam, Total Energy must find a place to share with the antiquated steam-electric generating system. In well-designed, multi-moduled Total Energy plants, power is available instantly at all times. As the hourly demand increases during the day the modules automatically start and the generators synchronize to the line in the barest part of a minute. It does not take six or more hours, as is the case with a steam-electric system. Total Energy plants occupy little more room than do existing heating plants.

The Edison Electric Institute obviously could not favor such schemes; the old-time electric power engineers would not permit it. Even the American Gas Association must tread softly, for many of its corporate members are combination companies, electric and gas. Under such circumstances the top

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

management must see to it that the electric business does not compete with the gas business, each must work within its "territory." Only in those areas where the gas utility is separate from the electric utility is there true competition and promotion of Total Energy. It has been found necessary to form an entirely new promotional association, GATE, Group to Advance Total Energy, the membership being drawn primarily from the "pure" gas companies.

Although no Total Energy plant is now connected with the electric utility system, there is no engineering reason why they should not be. Were they so connected the overall thermal efficiencies of such plants could be increased even beyond the 85 per cent level now obtainable, for there would be no wasted energy. They would be stabilizing influences to a vulnerable grid system. At any time they could be separated from the grid and operated independently. On occasions of major power failures, of which we can expect to see more, Total Energy plants, when separated from the grid, could be "revived" in seconds.

The ownership of the Total Energy plant could be by the landlord, the electric utility or the gas utility, or by a service corporation. Whatever the arrangement, the consumer of the energy will benefit from lower rates. It has been found that with good engineering, the expense of the added equipment necessary for Total Energy is paid off in a period of three to five years, with the savings accrued from the electric bill. For only a small increase in the cost of fuel for heating, the electricity is virtually free. If this is "do-it-yourself" power, then we need a lot more of it.

Though Total Energy plants produce the same 60-cycle electricity that is supplied by the electric utilities, they have the added attraction of being able to provide, with relative ease and efficiency, not only combinations of energy but also combinations of electric frequencies such as 60 cycles and 420 cycles from the same module. This feature alone has tremendous advantages for lighting in large buildings. Fluorescent light, when operated at the high frequency, exhibits remarkable characteristics. High frequency eliminates the need for the bulk and weight of the ballast in the fixture; it reduces the watt consumption and at the same time increases the light output and improves the whiteness of the light; it increases the life of the fluorescent tube and eliminates the flicker effect. Thus electricity itself becomes a better product.

We are now only on the threshold of Total Energy and high frequency. The ultimate system for this country will encompass the best features of Total Energy in combination with the best features of interconnection. We need the engineers, unhampered by tradition, who will explore these concepts. We cannot continue to waste 60 per cent of our fossil fuels, nor can we tolerate power failures, whether they be in an area affecting millions of people or in the power supply or fuel cell of a rocket at Cape Kennedy. We must recognize that design and operation of power equipment is a highly technical problem, the study of which must find its way back into the curricula of the engineering schools. We must promote an interest in our young people to explore the opportunities in the power field; we need innovation. Just as we are doing everything possible to preserve the whooping crane, we must also preserve the technology of power engineering and, in fact, we must improve the breed.

Begrudged Diplomats

The Stepsons of Foggy Bottom . . Henry S. Villard

The Foreign Service Officer of the United States is heckled by Congress, criticized by the press, suspect in the eyes of the public. Nowhere else in the world is the profession of diplomacy regarded with such distrust; nowhere else is it assumed that its practitioners are more concerned with selling out their country than promoting the national interest, more likely to be losers at the conference table than successful proponents of their government's view, more inclined to brinkmanship than keeping their people out of war and preserving the peace.

This skeptical attitude toward the Foreign Service and its parent body, the Department of State, dates back to the days when foreign affairs were conveniently dismissed by quoting George Washington's farewell warning against the dangers of entangling alliances. For many years, it suited the temperament of a nation intent on its own internal growth and prosperity to insulate itself insofar as possible from political turmoil in other lands; relations with foreigners and foreign governments were somehow a threat to the foundations of the republic, and anyone who advocated an increase in money or personnel for diplomatic intercourse came close to being considered unpatriotic. Two global wars drastically changed the outlook of the United States, but the misgivings of Congress and the public have remained much the same.

In times now past, when great wealth was a prerequisite for diplomacy — and rigorous examinations were not — there may have been grounds for questioning the caliber and competence of American representatives abroad. Franklin D. Roosevelt, openly indifferent to the Foreign Service, may have been irked by the presence of a few holdovers from the dilettante days. But in 1924 Congress took sober note of the responsibilities that were beginning to descend on the shoulders of our foreign affairs establishment. The Rogers Act, a farsighted piece of legislation, created a body of professional officers, whose careers would be devoted to learning the game from the ground up, and

Henry S. Villard, former ambassador to Libya, Senegal and Mauretania, is the author of Libya, the New Arab Kingdom of North Africa *(Cornell University Press) and* Affairs at State *(Thomas Y. Crowell). Charles W. Tait in "Whatever Happened to the State Department?" (issue of September 13) dealt with still other aspects of the country's diplomatic shortcomings.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whose experience and skill would be brought to bear on the increasingly difficult problems of the times.

The result, up to 1939, was a closely knit group of career men, whose reporting ability, good judgment, knowledge and technical skill served the country well — even if there was no perceptible increase in public appreciation of their services. The Foreign Service is still composed of exceptionally able and devoted public servants; its accumulated experience in any given segment of the world is unique and impressive; and abroad it is recognized as a hard-headed, hard-working, well-informed and conscientious corps. But while it more than holds its own in the esoteric realm of international relations, it is beset by flaws which cannot fail to be of concern today.

If the Service had been allowed to develop professionally along the lines laid down by Congressman Rogers, not only might it have more prestige at home but it might have more influence in the policy-making process and carry more weight among such other government agencies as the Pentagon and CIA. Two events, however, thwarted a natural growth commensurate with America's rising burdens and obligations. One was the failure of the Department during World War II to assert its prerogatives in the field of foreign affairs and to strengthen its professional structure; the other was the witch hunt of Sen. Joseph McCarthy in the early fifties, which dealt a devastating blow to the morale of the Service.

The war interrupted a promising evolution in the twenties and thirties toward a strictly professional body, the members of which advanced in their careers on the basis of merit alone. Up to that point, American diplomacy had more or less confined itself to a spectator role — as when we decided not to join the League of Nations and named a neutral "observer" to Geneva. Then, at the very moment when our participation in world affairs was to be assured by Pearl Harbor, and when foresight would have dictated a long-range plan for building up the Service, recruitment was suspended in deference to the country's military needs and for fear that diplomats would be considered draft dodgers. Instead of training more men to deal with the political upheaval then taking place — as well as its inevitable aftermath — the Department made do with a vastly inadequate staff. The Foreign Service emerged at the end of hostilities woefully undermanned and thinly spread.

It thus became necessary to bring in persons from the outside, without the requirement that they pass highly competitive examinations and start their careers on the lowest rung of the ladder. This was the so-called "lateral entry" or "side-door" principle—an innovation that did much to damage the *esprit de corps* which was the hallmark of the professional service. Next came the forcible enlargement of the Foreign Service, under Secretary Dulles, by amalgamation with the permanent home staff — an operation quickly known as "Wristonization" because Henry M. Wriston, then President of Brown University, headed a committee that issued the decree. The watchword here was "interchangeability"—service abroad or at home, regardless of training or inclination; and from a total of 1,285 regular Foreign Service Officers, the size, but not necessarily the strength, of the corps was nearly tripled overnight. How that affected the regulars, who had begun at the bottom, may be imagined: the preferred stock of the original system, it seemed, had suddenly been watered.

(An even greater dilution is in sight today under the pending Hays bill, H. R. 6277, which gives the President authority to effect a wholesale transfer "without examination," of "all officers and employees" in State, USIA and AID, except for those few paid under the Federal Executive Salary Schedule.)

But if the spirits of the career men were depressed by tinkering with the machinery, the destruction wrought by McCarthyism in the name of "loyalty" was infinitely greater. It caused the resignation of senior officers, regardless of their anti-Communist records; hounded out of their jobs men who may have erred in judgment but were never disloyal to the United States; frightened off in droves likely candidates for the career, and generally besmirched the reputation of the Service both here and abroad. The results of McCarthy's attack were that morale sank to an all-time low, and that, because many officers thought twice before writing reports that might be interpreted as leaning to the left, performance was

Kovarsky

Light Refreshments at the U.S. Embassy

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seriously impaired. Confidence in the Service as a career dropped correspondingly.

In addition, certain built-in factors have tended to inhibit the full flowering of a diplomatic career in this contradictory age of specialization and mass production. The first is the inherent nature of a bureaucracy—to grow bigger. Despite efforts that are made from time to time to hold it in check, there seems to be something compulsive about the way bureaucratic cells subdivide. An already huge "foreign affairs complex" nevertheless seems inadequate to handle the variety of subjects coming under its jurisdiction, not to speak of the various international crises and emergencies the country is heir to. When Henry L. Stimson became Secretary of State under Hoover in 1929, the Department's entire staff, including Foreign Service officers who happened to be on duty in Washington, could be assembled on the back steps for a photograph at lunch time. Today, counting all hands here and overseas, State's payroll carries nearly 25,000 employees, with the prospect that specialists will continue to be added in sundry new categories. The carefully selected individual who enters the Foreign Service on the basis of his particular background and education, is rapidly becoming lost in the crowd. Moreover, the larger the organization grows, the larger the army of administrators required to run the show. Mundane problems of administration overshadow the workings of political units, and what used to be a serviceable housekeeping tail is beginning to wag the whole diplomatic dog.

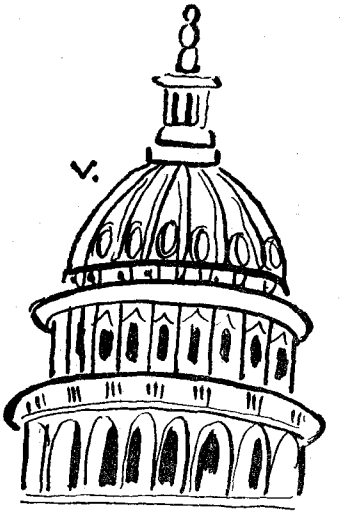
If that were not enough to discourage departmental initiative and creativity, the paper jungle retards policy makers and obscures policy decisions. As Secretary Rusk has testified, in a moment of truism, "layering is an obstacle to the extent that it is burdensome." By "layering" Rusk meant the number of offices and officers that intervene between him and the handling of a given issue. Suppose an incoming telegram does not follow its tortuous course through the establishment: "somebody," said the Secretary, "feels that he is being deprived of his participation in a matter of his responsibility." Nothing more sharply pains a bureaucrat than to be deprived of participation in a matter for which he shares the very least modicum of responsibility.

At the same time, Rusk expressed justified concern at the size and intricacy of the administrative structure abroad. For example, with at least forty-four agencies of the government represented in London, our embassy has its work cut out supervising and backstopping activities that are not its primary concern but that reflect the multiplicity today of fingers in the policy-making pie. In some posts, the representatives of AID, USIA, CIA and the Peace Corps—to mention only a few—far outnumber the Foreign Service career officers.

To attain its present pitch of efficiency, the Foreign Service has had to labor under other handicaps. The attitude of Congress toward appropriations for the "cooky pushers" is notorious: State's budget is the merest fraction of our disbursements for guided missiles, nuclear submarines, agricultural price supports, or for exploring the moon. Of the total estimated government expenditures for the fiscal year 1966, the Department's share comes to .04c out of each dollar; it received $204,618,000 for the "administration of foreign affairs," including salaries and operating expenses and the acquisition, operation and maintenance of buildings abroad. Of this modest sum, $993,000 was for what Congress jocularly refers to as the "booze allowance"—the money used for official entertaining by representatives of the United States. For reasons which it is difficult to fathom, Congress has never permitted the funds so allocated to be exceeded in any fiscal year. Hospitality is a basic technique of diplomacy. An ambassador or other officer with independent means may not have to worry on this score, but one who must live within his salary—not high by business standards—is concerned about picking up the tab for a meal when he is coming to the end of his annual allotment.

This leads to consideration of another fact of Foreign Service life. Career men have long been resigned to the spectacle of top posts going to outsiders—ambassadorial appointments made in exchange for campaign contributions or other political support. "Fat cats" have one obvious virtue as ambassadors—they can mount the necessary social functions at no cost to the government. But for an officer who has come up from the ranks, the ultimate reward is to become chief of mission; yet he knows that between a quarter and a third of the embassies go to beneficiaries of the spoils system. However competent and intelligent the latter may be in their own spheres, they have no training for the peculiar demands of diplomacy. In the State Department itself, area specialists may find themselves working under men who have no previous government service and who must depend on a seasoned deputy for guidance. It is a deterrent to ambition, to say the least, when a substantial proportion of the responsible jobs are denied to those best qualified to hold them.

Finally, the State Department suffers endless intervention in its attempt to formulate foreign policy. When anything goes wrong in our relations with the rest of the world,



as is bound to happen from time to time, the Department or the Foreign Service is a handy whipping boy. Americans tend to forget, however, that State is not alone in the foreign field. The conduct of foreign affairs begins in the White House; the President is charged by the Constitution with that responsibility, and Presidential advisers from Colonel House to McGeorge Bundy have been evidence of that fact. Congress is increasingly influential in questions of foreign policy—as indeed seems inevitable when massive sums for foreign aid are involved—and policy makers must reckon with expressions of views from either side of the aisle in both the Senate and the House of Representatives. In addition, when diplomats make decisions these days, they must take into account the pronounced views of the Department

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Defense, not to speak of the active and far-flung operations of an expanding CIA. Finally, the often strident voices of the public, the press and organized pressure groups must be given a hearing. It is no wonder that State may sometimes have to take action against the better judgment of its experts—and bear the resulting criticism in silence if things turn out badly.

As foreign affairs grow more and more complex, the job of the Foreign Service becomes correspondingly harder, and the need for a strictly professional body of experts is more critical. Capable and selfless as the members of the Service are today, their efficiency can be too easily compromised by forces at work in their rear—particularly by the red tape of a proliferating bureaucracy, by the sacrifice of the career principle, by the limitation of funds for essential purposes, and by politics. If maximum service is to be rendered to the American people, reforms are indicated.

(1) The entire organization, at home and abroad, should be placed on a career basis—its members recruited, trained and promoted according to that principle. With the rare exception of a distinguished, qualified citizen, ambassadors should be appointed from the career.

(2) Salaries and allowances should be at least as liberal as those in private business. All expenses incurred in line of duty, including those for entertainment and household maintenance, should be borne without question by the government.

(3) The size of the State Department should be cut by a quarter or a third; if that is initially impossible, because of civil service entrenchment, a halt should be called to multiplication of the bureaucrats, together with their managers and administrators, and jobs should be allowed to wither away with the passage of time. In the process, we might learn whether two persons can be trained to do what three do at present.

(4) More study should go into reducing paper work, eliminating nonessential reports, overhauling the system of committee clearances, and streamlining the decision-making procedure.

(5) The President should give the Secretary of State the power and backing to run the everyday business of foreign affairs without obstruction, interference or circumvention by others. If experts are to be hired by the taxpayer, their judgment should be relied on and they should be entrusted with authority commensurate with their qualifications.

(6) Morale should be raised in what is essentially a highly honorable profession through a wide-scale campaign to inform the people about their Foreign Service. The public needs to understand what the State Department does and does not do, what it can and cannot do, and what the career can mean to those who are qualified.

The last point is of great importance if the Foreign Service is ever to get the support it must have to carry out its assignments. Only by interest on the part of the people can it receive proper attention from Congress. And without Congressional support—and Presidential approval—there is small likelihood that any of the above program can be realized.

The Open Door of Henry Wallace

Ronald Radosh

To many of Henry Agard Wallace's contemporaries, it appeared that he was an arch-New Dealer, a radical exponent of the "century of the common man." Regarded favorably as an anti-imperialist liberal by those on the Left, and condemned as a radical by many on the Right, Wallace was in reality an exponent of the traditional foreign policy advocated by American statesmen since 1898 — economic expansion through the technique of the Open Door abroad for American commerce. Wallace believed that business, labor, agriculture and government formed a four-way partnership. One partner could for a time obtain a larger share of the national income, but this "pressure game" would explode unless they all united to produce a larger income to divide. The source of this income was the "assurance of large and expanding" markets for business, upon which the private-enterprise system was dependent "for its very survival." As Secretary of Commerce, Wallace held his goal to be the creation of a "revitalized foreign trade service," which he hoped would "play a more effective role" in promoting "vigorously a high level of foreign trade on a sustained basis." Full employment and 60 million jobs would be the result of government cooperation "with the export trade" to put on "an aggressive sales campaign abroad."

Wallace argued that export markets were a necessity because American industry produced in excess of domestic demand. As soon as productive capacity caught up with postwar purchasing capacity at home, Americans would again have to "look to foreign markets in order to exchange our surplus industrial and agricultural production." For this reason, Wallace joined such leading corporate spokesmen as Chamber of Commerce president, Eric Johnston, and John Abbink of the National Foreign Trade Council, in demanding a postwar loan to Great Britain. If Britain did not obtain funds with which to buy American goods, Wallace forecast that American productivity would dry up from lack of markets. The result would be depression. To those Americans who argued that loans made to Britain under a Labour government would further socialism in Europe, Wallace replied that "money is being loaned to Britain for the purpose of enabling her to do business in the way we are doing, rather than to pursue any further the path of socialization or nationalization." He believed that private enterprise in foreign trade would permit other countries to "embrace [the American] system, which is not only in our best interests but in theirs also."

Wallace's program of saving the economy by a search for large export markets owed a great deal to the approach first used by another 20th-century Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. Wallace

Ronald Radosh is instructor of history at Queensborough Community College in New York, and an associate editor of Studies on the Left.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was frank to acknowledge his debt. "I have considerable sympathy with Herbert Hoover's problem as Secretary of Commerce right now," Wallace stated after his appointment, "because I can say that I am going to go all out to get the maximum use of whatever powers may reside in the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce to foster and develop trade here and abroad." Predicting an excess of exports over imports for at least ten years, Wallace admitted he "would be contributing perhaps as much as any single individual to producing a situation like that for which I criticized the Republican Party back in the decade of the twenties." The continuation of America's traditional program of foreign expansion was largely ignored by liberals who hoped that American influence would create a liberal and peaceful world. Only such conservative critics as Sen. Robert A. Taft understood that while "dollar diplomacy is derided . . . it is exactly the policy of Government aid to our exporters which Mr. Wallace himself advocates to develop foreign trade, except that [previously] it did not involve our lending abroad the money to pay for all our exports."

It was to Henry A. Wallace's great credit that, although he subscribed to the need for American expansion, he would not follow the lead of cold-war statesmen who believed that America should use its postwar position of strength to structure the world in its own image. The cold warriors hoped to push Russia from Eastern Europe, thus opening the Danube Valley and Eastern Europe to the goods and capital of the West.

Wallace preferred to "discuss with the Russians in a friendly way their long-range economic problems and the future of . . . cooperation in matters of trade." He saw the Soviet Union as a natural billion-dollar market for American industrial surplus and as a source of necessary raw materials. Moreover, mutually advantageous trade relations, it could be hoped, would create a basis for negotiations and lead to an end of political misunderstanding. Problems relating to Eastern Europe might be solved if economic arrangements were worked out first. "Russian economic penetration of the Danube area might be countered," Wallace suggested, "by concrete proposals for economic collaboration in the development of the resources of this area, rather than by insisting that the Russians should cease their unilateral penetration and offering no solution to the present economic chaos there." Wallace believed that Soviet behavior was the "result of their dire economic needs and of their disturbed sense of security," and he urged that "we can disabuse the Soviet mind . . . by proving to them that we want to trade with them and to cement our economic relations with them." His commitment to increasing cooperative trade relations placed Wallace in opposition to those who would refuse any loan to Russia, and to those, like Averell Harriman, who suggested granting piecemeal credit in return for specific political concessions.

Wallace developed an equally penetrating critique of postwar policy on the control of atomic energy. In an era when influential Americans argued that the Soviets would never produce an atomic bomb, and that the United States should keep its "secret" until Russia agreed to be policed by the United Nations, Wallace answered that it was illusory to base policy on the idea of an atomic monopoly that could not be maintained. When Bernard Baruch introduced the United States plan for control of atomic production to the UN in June, 1946, Wallace declared it unrealistic. He held that other nations should not be required to stop research on the military use of atomic energy and to disclose their resources, while the United States retained its right to withhold technical knowledge until an acceptable international control and inspection system existed.

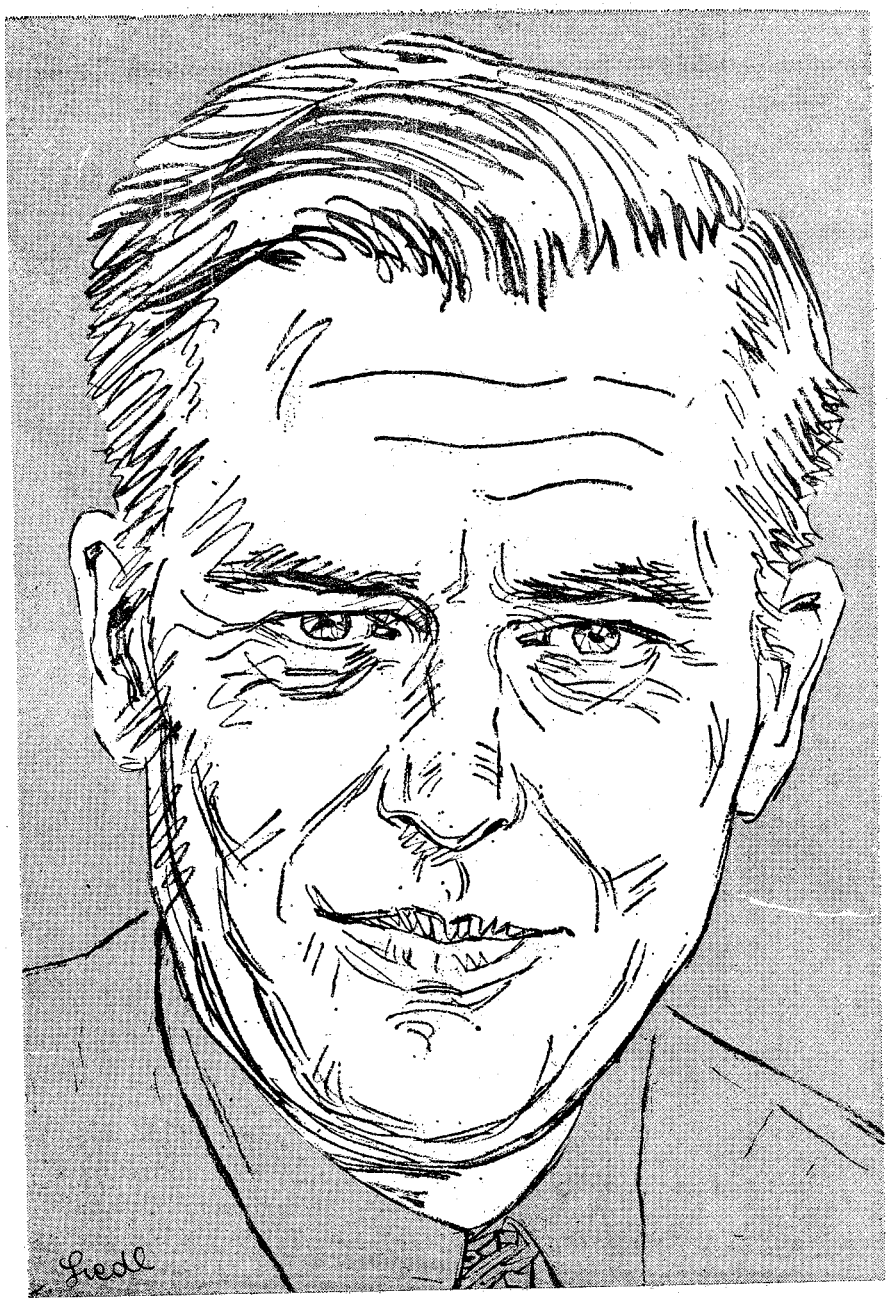
The United States was notifying the Russians that if they were "good boys," America would eventually turn over to them its knowledge of atomic energy. But, Wallace noted, "there is no objective standard of what will qualify them as being 'good' nor any specified time for sharing our knowledge." Only after the Soviet Union had revealed its hand would the United States announce whether it would play out the game. An equitable agreement would be one in which the United States committed itself to disclose information and destroy its bomb stockpile at a specific time, not at its own unfettered discretion. Wallace was convinced that the Russians would respond to such a proposal.

After Harry S. Truman assumed the Presidency, the posture of the American Government toward the Soviet Union became more hostile, and Henry A. Wallace intensified his criticism of those who sought to avoid any cooperative relations with the Russians. On September 12, 1946, at Madison Square Garden, Wallace delivered the speech that led to his forced resignation from the President's Cabinet. He summarized and reiterated the approach that he had taken for the past year. "Russian ideals of social-economic justice," he told his audience, "are going to govern nearly a third of the world. Our ideas of free enterprise democracy will govern much of the rest. . . . By mutual agreement this competition should be put on a friendly basis, and the Russians should stop conniving against us in certain areas just as we should stop scheming against them in other parts."

Wallace's speech became political dynamite. As he spoke, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes was in Paris, about to negotiate with the Russians on postwar peace treaties. The speech threatened to disrupt Byrnes's get-tough approach, since Wallace claimed that the President had read his speech and said that it "represented the policy of his administration." Truman later claimed that he had approved only Wallace's right to present the speech, and had not endorsed it "as constituting a statement of the foreign policy of this country." On the 18th, Secretary Byrnes asked the President to prevent Wallace from discussing foreign affairs, since Wallace's views led diplomats to wonder whether Byrnes's policy would be followed. On September 19, Truman asked Wallace to resign, calling attention to the need of government to "stand as a unit in its relations with the rest of the world."

In his *Memoirs*, Truman wrote that he had not read the Garden speech and that Wallace had only "told me he was going to make a speech." However, the official record of the President's press conference on September 12 indicates that President Truman did approve of what Wallace was to say. In response to a question whether the speech represented administration policy, Truman replied "that is cor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



rect," and later reiterated that "I approved the whole speech."

It has not hitherto been explained why the President, himself a leader of those who advocated a militant position toward Russia, had been reluctant to allow Wallace to leave the Cabinet. Truman himself offered the explanation that "Wallace had a following," and that "his appeal had some effect." If he was kept in the Cabinet, "I might be able to put some check on his activities."

The second part of this explanation does not stand up, since Wallace's most active public role was that of consistent critic of American policy. Wallace had spoken out directly, and even after the Garden speech, made it clear that he would continue to do so. On the other hand, Truman did have good reason to fear Wallace's potential drawing power. As David A. Shannon pointed out in *The Decline of American Communism*, "it was not until mid-1947 that Truman appeared as a champion of liberalism, after a Republican Congress afforded him a conservative backdrop. The Democratic record on price control and inflation had been poor, housing was a mess, and Truman had even asked Congress for power to draft strikers. . . . In 1946, it seemed to the liberals that Truman would undo everything Roosevelt had gained." In this atmosphere, the President may have hoped that the liberals would not become an effective opposition force if Wallace remained in the Cabinet. Even under pressure from Byrnes, Truman first asked only that Wallace refrain from criticism until the Paris negotiations were completed.

But granting that Truman may have had good reason not to break with his Secretary of Commerce, why did Wallace prefer to stay within the administration, when he might have led his supporters out at a time when this form of pressure could have forced reversal of policy? To answer this, one must first know that Wallace did not hold the President responsible for the negative turn in foreign policy. Truman had consistently told Wallace that they shared the same approach toward American-Soviet relations and Wallace believed that this assured his ability to influence the course of policy from within the administration itself.

Some examples will indicate the effectiveness of the President's approach. On March 14, 1946, Truman had appointed Gen. Walter Bedell Smith ambassador to Russia. Wallace wrote Truman expressing hope that Bedell Smith would be able to break the diplomatic deadlock in American-Soviet relations. He believed Smith's task would be made easier if the United States consented to discuss long-range economic problems with the Russians. Soviet intransigence was due to the Russians' dire economic needs and to their disturbed sense of security. America should prove its desire for peace, Wallace wrote, by trading with the Russians, and a group should be sent to Moscow to initiate talks on the subject.

President Truman wrote later that Bedell Smith had asked for Wallace's letter, along with Truman's initials, to indicate that the President approved of Wallace's view. Truman wrote: "I ignored this letter of Wallace's. I had expressed my policy to Bedell Smith and had suggested the approach he should take to the Kremlin. I could see little to be gained from the Wallace proposal."

It is clear that Truman did not intend to test whether increased trade with Russia and a receptive attitude toward Soviet demands for security in Eastern Europe would lead to a lessening of tension. But he did not include in his *Memoirs* the answer he gave Wallace. On

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

March 20, he wrote Wallace that he "appreciated very much your letter in regard to the Russian situation which you handed me at the cabinet meeting last Friday. I have seen General Smith and have discussed conditions with him. I believe he is going to Russia with the right attitude in mind. I have great hopes of his getting our relations on a better plane. He impressed me as being a capable person." In the context of events, Wallace took this skillfully worded reply to mean that Truman agreed with his suggestions. Therefore, when Wallace appeared with the President at a dinner held on March 23, he praised Truman as one who was carrying on FDR's fight for peace. Claiming that the "people believe as you do, Mr. President," and that they "dislike all this talk of inevitable war," Wallace's approach brought forth no repudiation from the President.

Wallace had become involved in yet another conflict in March of 1946—a debate over the presence of American military bases in Iceland. He had told a Swedish A.P. reporter that if it was true that Scandinavians did not want the United States to remain in Iceland, and had appreciated Soviet withdrawal from the Danish island of Bornholm, that as a "private individual and not as a member of government" he thought it would be better for world peace if the U.S. "pulled out of Iceland." The comment found its way to *The New York Times*, which printed the private remark as a public statement. Secretary of State Byrnes became upset, since he felt that his attempt to gain bases in Iceland had been aborted by Wallace's statement. Secretary of Defense Forrestal supported Byrnes, declaring it to be inappropriate for a Cabinet member to make comments on foreign policy contrary to the position of the Secretary of State. The bipartisan Senate leader, Arthur Vandenberg, agreed that "everything was quite agreeable" until Wallace's statement interfered with policy. Wallace was depicted as an administration member whose actions were defeating his own government's avowed policy.

The press pictured Wallace as opposing a course of action with respect to Iceland bases that was favored by the President. The Alsop brothers, writing in *Life* for May 20, declared that Wallace opposed "the agreed policy of the American government, approved by the President." They used the same argument that the President himself would adopt when dismissing Wallace four months later. Wallace had a "right to his opinion," the Alsop brothers wrote, but if it did not prevail, he should "resign or . . . remain silent." Similarly, a June 2 column by Bert Andrews of the New York *Herald Tribune* claimed that the President believed Wallace should "go along with the policy . . . or keep quiet."

The debate over Iceland air bases was a foreshadowing of the impending confrontation over the Garden speech. Yet in June, Truman again indicated to Wallace that he was not dissatisfied with his Secretary's approach. Wallace had sent the President a copy of his answer to *Life*, in which he claimed that the Alsops had distorted his real views and had based their statement on his purely personal talk with the Swedish reporter. Truman's answer to Wallace on June 7 indicated that he agreed the press was once again distorting Wallace's views and treating him unjustly. Truman wrote:

> *Your note of the 3rd enclosing me copy of your correspondence with Wilson Hicks of* Life *is all right. I was happy to receive it. It seems that* Life, Time *and* Fortune *magazines take particular delight in garbling anything that you or I have to say.*

By judicious choice of language, Truman had connected distortions of the press against Wallace with those against himself. Wallace did not know that at a Cabinet meeting from which he was absent, Secretary Byrnes had argued that he "must *not* thus be 'shot in the back' by his own colleagues." Wallace's reaction to Truman's letter was to feel assured once again that the President supported the fight for peace. Wallace would constantly argue, until his dismissal—that he and the President stood side by side on the question of Russian policy.

This conviction led Wallace to reject any thought of forming a third party, and to choose instead to fight within the government "as long as blind acquiescence is not a condition of service in the Cabinet of the President." Wallace was never acquiescent. He intensified his critique. On July 23, he had presented a memorandum to the President summing up his entire approach toward foreign policy. It looked to the world, Wallace wrote, as if the United States were preparing for a war it held to be inevitable. Four-fifths of its budget was spent for warlike purposes, and it had secured air bases around the world from which the rest of the earth could be bombed. Asking the President to consider reversing events, Wallace inquired "how it would look to us if Russia had the ten-thousand-mile bombers and air bases within a thousand miles of our coast lines and we did not?" Wallace insisted that "we should be prepared, even at the expense of risking epithets of appeasement, to agree to reasonable Russian guarantees of security."

President Truman was himself making liberal use of such epithets. He recorded in his diary for September 18, a day on which he had conferred with Henry Wallace, that "Mr. X" was not as "fundamentally sound" as he had thought. X was a "pacifist 100 per cent," who wanted to "disband our armed forces, give Russia our atomic secrets and trust a bunch of adventurers in the Kremlin Politburo. . . . The Reds, phonies and 'parlor pinks' seem to be banded together and are becoming a national danger. I am afraid they are a sabotage front for Uncle Joe Stalin." Such was the response of the President to Wallace's reasoned criticisms—a caricature of his Secretary's true arguments which allowed the President to evade a confrontation with Wallace's views by vulgarizing them.

In retrospect, the criticisms offered by Wallace in 1946 were more than well taken. Standing almost alone, he held it was folly to believe that the United States could maintain a long-term monopoly on the knowledge needed to produce atomic weapons. He urged that the United States should not base its policy on an illusion, and therefore opposed any use of the bomb as an instrument of diplomacy. Because of his suggestion that Russian demands for security in Eastern Europe be honored, he was accused of "appeasement" and pro-communism. The equation of dissent and criticism with treason and radicalism had begun. Henry Wallace's examination of the assumptions of cold-war policy are still relevant. Americans concerned with the backward nature of contemporary foreign policy have much to learn from his views and his experience.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Government by Freshmen

Maine's Year of the Donkey . . . David L. Graham

Freeport, Me.

Wouldn't a *Nation* reader find a term in Maine's traditionally conservative state legislature frustrating and dismal? You might think so, but I have been through the experience and found it educational, stimulating and, at times, wildly exhilarating—as, for instance, when a pair of bills I was sponsoring squeaked through in the last days of the session, one of them by two votes.

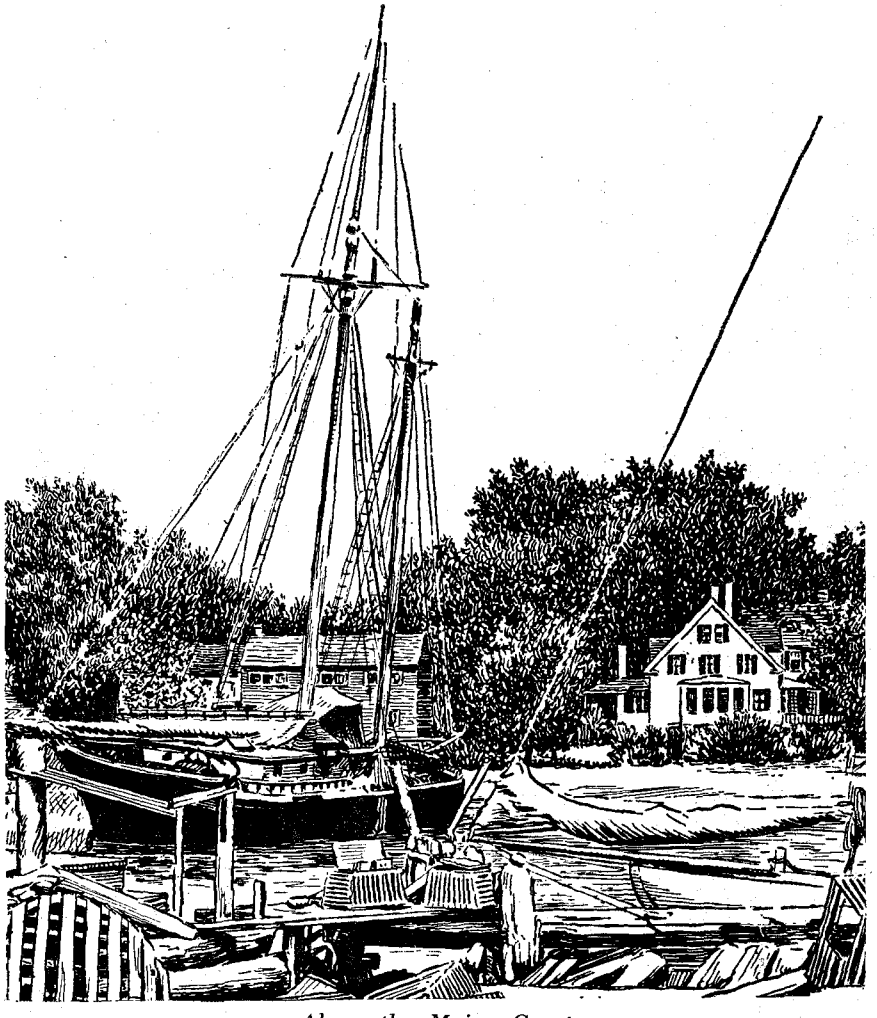
State legislatures, like families, have their little jokes. A favorite of the 102nd Maine Legislature was to hail Rep. Dana Childs as the best Democratic Speaker of the House in half a century. No question about it. The Democrats hadn't elected a majority of the House, hence a Speaker, since 1914.

Except for the very close victory of Rep. Stanley R. Tupper, a Republican who had dissociated himself from Goldwater, Maine Democrats made a clean sweep in 1964, electing one U.S. Senator (Muskie), as well as Maine's other U.S. Congressman, and winning majorities in both houses of the state legislature.

It was in an almost panicky anti-Goldwater stampede that many Democratic legislators were hustled into office. The mill towns, being predominantly Franco-American, were Democratic as usual, only more so, but my town of Freeport hadn't sent a Democratic Representative to Augusta since before Lincoln's time.

We Democrats who awoke on November 4 as victors were almost as dismayed as we were elated; a sudden burden of responsibility had descended upon us. We hadn't expected to win *control* of the legislature. Many of our successful candidates had really been stand-ins, allowing their names to be used just to fill out the ticket. Rumor had it that one victorious Democrat was indignantly demanding a recount.

By the opening of the legislative session last January, a good many Democrats were wondering uneasily if their party, after more than fifty years on the side lines, could do anything substantial for the state of Maine. Not only had these elected Democrats never been a majority party; more than 50 per cent of the entire legislature were freshmen. Fortunately we had one very good and experienced man in the House, whom we chose Speaker; and an equally good and experienced man in the Senate, who was elected President of that body. These two became the Democratic leadership, with the *eminence grise* of Senator Muskie hovering benignly in the background.



Along the Maine Coast

To me, the most important bills in the legislature were, of course, the ones I myself introduced. Shoving these bills up the ladder to enactment, or struggling in vain to keep them from tumbling off into the eternal night of "indefinite postponement" was a cram course in politics. The lesser duties of a legislator, the errand-boy aspect of the job, I plunged into with zeal, wangling passes to the races, getting jobs for people, and even filling a rush order for a license to trap muskrat. It behooved me, I felt, to perform these humble chores faithfully, because who was going to rely on a freshman Representative, a political innocent, to push through important legislation? But being known from my weekly newspaper columns as a liberal, I soon acquired what one newspaper man described as the "three most controversial bills of the session."

However, I had begun working on one bill even before the session started—it was to provide a decent school for Pownal, a town in my district that had nothing but five

David L. Graham, who represents Freeport and adjoining towns in the Maine legislature, writes a weekly column that appears in three of the state's newspapers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dilapidated, overcrowded, one-room schoolhouses. Pownal was already getting the maximum help from the state, and lacked sufficient taxable property on which to borrow the money that would be needed to build the simplest consolidated school. Only by wheedling a special grant from the legislature could the job be done. The task fell to the town's state Representative—me.

My first step—first maneuver, if you will—was to get myself appointed to the Joint Committee on Education. Every bill has a hearing before the appropriate committee, and there its future is usually decided by the committee's "ought to pass" or "ought not to pass" report. The Department of Education wrote up my bill for me, the Legislative Research Committee put it in proper form, and I dropped it in the hopper. The notion that legislators dream up and write up their own bills is a myth. Certainly 95 per cent of our bills emerged full blown from some lobbyist's pocket. I use the word in the broadest sense—not just to cover paid agents, who must register with our Secretary of State, but any individual, company or group (including departments of the state government) that promotes the passage or defeat of any particular bill or bills.

In due course the Pownal bill had its committee hearing and the Pownal School Board ably presented its arguments. But afterward, in executive session, the committee balked. They deeply sympathized, they said, but felt they couldn't make an exception for Pownal. If they approved a bill making Pownal a one-town school district, twenty or thirty other towns that were as badly off would demand like favors.

My answer to this had two parts: (1) Let them, I said; if they are as wretchedly equipped as Pownal, they deserve special help; and (2) oh, no they won't, I assured my colleagues, it's too late for any more bills to be introduced in this session. Let the next legislature worry about the precedent of Pownal.

Like most glib answers, mine impressed almost no one but the utterer. The Education Committee issued a 7-to-2 "ought not to pass" report, which is enough to kill nearly any bill. But when Pownal came before the House, I arose in my legislative innocence and moved that we accept the minority report. Choking with nervousness — this was my maiden speech—I suggested that outhouses had little educational value, that Pownal's children were entitled to a school with plumbing, good lighting and adequate space.

Lacking eloquence, my voice quavered with sincerity, one of the rarest of legislative commodities. The House ignored the committee's recommendation and went along with Pownal. The Senate did not, but the Committee of Conference—three members of each house—which resulted from the deadlock rewrote the bill with minor changes and then approved it unanimously.

With victory apparently at hand, the bill was then held up in the House. Prayers and entreaties heavily seasoned with tact overcame the objections, and the hope of Pownal plunged forward once more, finally landing on the Senate appropriations table. This was the last hurdle on the track to the Governor's desk. In Maine all such money measures must clear the Senate's appropriation table, where bills requiring expenditures are matched to available funds. A sort of legislative "pearly gate," this appropriations table; from here money bills introduced by members of the majority usually go to their reward and minority party bills are cast into outer darkness.

For weeks the Pownal bill lay dormant on the appropriations table. Meanwhile, the legislative mills were grinding out my other bills. One of these, affecting kindergarten education, I had introduced "by request"—from courtesy rather than conviction; yet it went through with no delay and without the slightest assistance from me. I was photographed with the Governor as he signed it, and never did a legislator get more publicity for less work. But another bill that would have permitted tow-truck operators to claim abandoned cars that they had hauled off the highways and kept for a reasonable time ran into opposition from General Motors and General Motors prevailed.

However, it was the Pownal bill and three others that provided the basis of my political education. Early in the session representatives of the NAACP asked me to sponsor a so-called "Fair Housing Bill," to prohibit racial and religious discrimination in the rental of housing. No bill seemed to me more important or more worth while.

My second controversial bill would have permitted Maine savings banks, like those of Massachusetts, to sell life insurance. Again flattered to be allowed to carry the ball and eager to emulate Justice Louis Brandeis, who in his younger days had led the fight to bring Savings Bank Life Insurance to Massachusetts, I accepted at once—only to find that I was no Louis Brandeis. The life insurance lobby slaughtered us.

The contrast between the fates of these two bills was a lesson in the workings of democracy. Both were clearly in the public interest; both were controversial in the extreme, being bitterly opposed by special interests; both had not passed in previous legislatures.

Behind our Fair Housing Bill we had a small but persistent pressure group, the NAACP, which, though insignificant as a political force in Maine, had, with the aid of various churches, state-wide coverage and dedicated workers. These people got their campaign going even before the legislature convened. Voters from all over the state began approaching their legislators by letter, telephone or personal interview. Several newspapers gave the bill their blessing. Meanwhile I and the bill's co-sponsor, a prominent Republican whom we had prevailed upon to join us and add the luster of social respectability to the cause, began lining up our legislative colleagues one by one.

Except for one organization, the Maine Association of Real Estate Boards, the opposition was furtive and ashamed. And the association's opposition was so extreme—it called the bill "discriminating legislation" and referred to it as "Forced Housing"—that it reduced its case to absurdity. Some 400 supporters turned out at the bill's public hearing before the Judiciary Committee. More than a score of speakers discussed the merits of the bill from different angles, speaking briefly and with feeling. Whereas the bill's opponents (consisting of a paid lobbyist, several real estate salesmen and two or three overwrought extremists) made themselves seem isolated, selfish and anti-democratic.

In executive session, the Judiciary Committee amended the bill to the extent of excluding from its provisions small, owner-operated rooming houses and two-family dwellings, one unit of which was occupied by the owner. An anti-discrimination bill that allows a little discrimination is like a virgin who

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admits she is a tiny bit pregnant. In accepting this tampering with our bill—statutory rape, you might call it—we compromised our principles. But we had to do it to get a favorable verdict from the Judiciary Committee, which then handed down a 9-to-1 "ought to pass" report.

Victory seemed at hand. But we took no chances, because in the previous session the bill had gone through twice, only to be defeated on its third and final vote. Three of us dedicated ourselves to canvassing the entire legislature. For me this meant talking with some forty members of the House, pleading, cajoling, vote swapping.

Meanwhile, the bill's supporters around the state maintained the pressure on their respective Senators and Representatives. And as if to dramatize our cause, the march on Selma got under way. "The road to social justice leads through Augusta also," we said.

Our presentation in the House was good—we could speak with sincerity and feeling. As rarely happens, several legislators switched sides as a result of the debate and came over to us. Our roll-call vote was a smashing 87-to-47 triumph. And when, next day, die-hards attempted to add crippling amendments, we beat them even more decisively. In the Senate with its larger Democratic majority things went even better. We had won.

The Savings Bank Life Insurance bill, while intrinsically as worthy—why shouldn't the people of Maine be allowed to buy inexpensive, over-the-counter life insurance?—had no drive behind it. The Savings Bank officials were for it—most of them—but in a dignified, business-as-usual way. Against us we had one of the most powerful lobbies in America, the life insurance lobby, which kept itself in the background, letting the insurance agents man the barricades.

About 500 of the latter, showing up at the public hearing, believed or pretended to believe that our little bill would run them out of business. The citizens for whom we were fighting watched from a distance, uncomprehendingly, if they watched at all. Newspapers which had favored the Fair Housing Bill were afraid to touch the sacred subject of life insurance. From the speeches of hostile legislators, you would have thought we were trying to sell some yokels the Brooklyn Bridge. The Committee on Business Legislation came out with a 9-to-1 "ought not to pass" report and the House voted us down by almost the margin with which it had approved the Fair Housing Bill. Special interests, capitalizing on apathy, had defeated the public interest.

The lesson I learned from this may seem elementary, but it is one that no legislator can afford to forget: it is not enough that a piece of proposed legislation have merit. Every bill is somebody's "good bill." What all bills, especially controversial bills, need for enactment is support — intelligent, earnest support right up to the moment the governor signs them into law.

A final measure rounded out my political education. This was the most controversial of them all—a state income-tax bill. The League of Women Voters, loath to see the state sales tax of 4 per cent increased, and yet convinced of the need for additional state services, were the sponsors. The ladies could find no one to introduce the bill until, at last, they came to me. "You believe in the ability-to-pay principle in taxation, don't you?" (Yes.) "You wouldn't load more sales taxes on the backs of the poor, would you?" (No.) "You realize the state is going to need more money this biennium?" (Of course—the state needs more money every biennium.) And so I agreed: partly because I do believe in the ability-to-pay principle; partly because the party leadership implored me to oblige—they wanted to have an income-tax bill in the works, just in case; and partly, I'm afraid, because all this attention intoxicated me. I hardly saw the noose I was sticking my head into.

Maine has no state income tax. The news that I was introducing one in the legislature hit the afternoon papers. That evening angry telephone calls began pouring into my home; then letters and postcards. After that, there was no place for me to hide. From being a bashful, fence-sitting freshman Representative, I had become overnight a man to be despised—and respected; to be denounced—and praised. For praise also was forthcoming; especially, praise for my courage. I shall always be grateful to the League of Women Voters: they got me typed as a "courageous" legislator.

What the backlash at the next election will be I cannot predict. Probably most people will have forgotten all about the income tax—I hope. Needless to say, nothing came of it. The Democratic majority wasn't going to pass an income tax if it could possibly avoid doing so. To reward the voters thus for giving the party power after more than fifty frustrating years seemed suicidal. The leadership got the Republican Governor to agree to a package that raised some existing taxes and put a sales tax on intrastate telephone calls. But no income tax.

Thus Maine's first Democratically controlled legislature in more than a generation wound up its regular session, and the state was still solvent — nay prosperous. Even the ultraconservative Bangor *News* hailed our achievements. No legislature had ever done more for education. In addition, we raised the wages of nearly 7,000 state employees, enacted a pesticide-control law, forbade racial and religious discrimination in housing and employment, raised the minimum wage, liberalized Maine's employment security law and the workmen's compensation law, and expanded health and welfare services. Summing it up, the conservative Portland *Press-Herald* said, "Maine's Legislature, Under New Management, Chalks Up Fine Record."

As for my own fondest hope, the Pownal School bill: during the final hours of the session, the Senate majority leader raised it from the appropriations table and rammed it through to enactment. My sponsorship, at the party's request, of the state income-tax bill had not been forgotten.

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

not going to give up all we have gained since the Reformation," and something to the effect that the "white race" is there in Asia, etc. . . . I leave it to you and your readers to explain the thinking behind such rhetoric.

Frances L. Marx

Back issues

New York City

Dear Sirs: I have back issues of *The Nation* covering the last ten or twelve years which I would be glad to send in whole or in part to any interested person.

Robert Boss
98 Riverside Drive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Posthumously Rehabilitated

THE PROSE OF OSIP MANDELSTAM: The Noise of Time. Theodosia. The Egyptian Stamp. Translated, with a critical essay, by Clarence Brown. Princeton University Press. 200 pp. $5.

Donald Fanger

These are the memoirs in prose of a major Russian poet who did not—in Akhmatova's phrase — know how to reminisce; modernist elegies that give new life to the dead tradition they sing; the work of an essentially non-Jewish Jew of Isaac Babel's generation who was as brilliant a writer and as tragic a victim of the so-called "cult of personality." Mandelstam (born 1891), died in a Siberian prison camp in 1938, and has been, in the official phrase, "posthumously rehabilitated." What this means is that his name and works can once again be mentioned in print in Russia. Real rehabilitation would mean republishing the collected works and permitting serious critical discussion of them. That must come, but it has not yet, and while Akhmatova has recently reported literary youth in the Soviet Union to be "wild" about this prose, the fact remains that the only substantial reprintings in Russian have been done in this country. And now we have an elegant English translation, with an equally elegant critical commentary.

Mandelstam's is the experimental prose of a poet convinced—as were so many of his generation—that the revolution marked not only the end of a cultural era but of the forms associated with that era. The preconditions for traditional fiction seemed gone: the individual was dwarfed by social forces, and opportunities for heroism appeared not so much in life as in art. "A new heroic era has opened," Mandelstam wrote in 1921, "in the life of the word. The word is flesh and bread. It shares the fate of bread and flesh: suffering."

The result, as Clarence Brown notes in his introductory essay, is that "one's feeling in reading him is constant and unflagging amazement — amazement precisely at the novelty and originality of his vision, and the uniquely personal character of his conception of the world." *The Noise of Time*, for instance, begins with a child's-eye evocation of "the unhealthy tranquillity and deep provincialism" of the 1890s, the period and atmosphere that we think of as Chekhovian—all in terms of their characteristic furniture: ladies' bouffant sleeves, drop-seat droshkies, a suburban railroad station with its usual change of conductors "which seemed to me a change of dynasties."

The temptation to quote this prose at length is overpowering. Here is the Czar moving in his carriage through streets along which "policemen had been spilled like peas." Here are "the monotonous prettiness of the host of infantry and its steeds, the stone-faced battalions flowing with hollow tread down the Millionaja, gray with marble and granite," brilliant evocations of student riots, French governesses, and a cultural life summed up with astonishing tact in this fashion: "Like summer insects above the hot globe of a lamp, an entire generation was carbonized and scorched by the flame of literary celebrations with garlands of allegorical roses, enormous assemblies which bore the character of a cult and expiatory offering for the generation."

The key to the form of these fragmentary memoirs lies in Mandelstam's desire to speak not about himself but to "track down the age, the noise and germination of time," and in his observation that "where for happy generations the epic speaks in hexameters and chronicles I have merely the sign of the hiatus, and between me and the age there lies a pit, a moat, filled with clamorous time, the place where a family and reminiscences of a family ought to have been." The times being out of joint, only a disjointed prose can be honest; hence the "heroism" of Mandelstam's accomplished word.

Much of the force of the perspective in *The Noise of Time* comes from the fact that Mandelstam sees himself as poised, culturally, between a mirage and a chaos:

> *All the elegant mirage of Petersburg was merely a dream, a brilliant covering thrown over the abyss, while round about there sprawled the chaos of Judaism—not a motherland, not a house, not a hearth, but precisely a chaos, the unknown womb whence I had issued, which I feared, about which I made conjectures and fled, always fled.*

The point is important, for unlike Babel, Mandelstam can find no spiritual sustenance in ancestral traditions. "Once or twice," he reports, "I was taken to a synagogue as if to a concert." Not in his own house but in another did he meet Semën Akimych Anskii, from whom "Russian-Jewish folklore . . . flowed out like a thick stream of honey in marvelous unhurried stories." As a result, there is no overt pathos in Mandelstam's testimony to his era. "I so love," he says in a characteristic passage, "to extinguish the heat of literature with the frost and the barbed stars. Will it crunch like the crust of snow? Will it brighten up in the frosty weather of the Nekrasovian street? If it is genuine, the answer is yes."

The other two pieces in this book are also concerned with "the noise of time." *Theodosia*, published in 1925, is an evocation of a Crimean town at a particular moment during the civil war, in the hands of the Whites, exotic, unreal, a relic of "normalcy" whose days are numbered, its hills "populated sepulchres." Contemplating it "on one of those icy Crimean nights," Mandelstam senses "with physical clarity the plague that had descended upon the world, a Thirty Years' War, with pestilence, darkened lamps, barking of dogs, and, in the houses of little people, appalling silence."

Theodosia is concerned only with the present moment. *The Egyptian Stamp*—a fragmentary blend of fiction and memoir—returns to the mirage of Petersburg, and to the literary tradition of that mirage which runs through Gogol and Dostoevsky in the 19th century to Blok and Andrei Biely in the 20th. Parnok, the 20th-century counterpart of the traditional "little man" (and Mandelstam's alter ego), is adrift in the dangerous and nightmarish city, as cut off from its past as he is from his identity and the prosaic items of apparel that symbolize it. The dominant feeling of this surrealistic fiction is terror: "It is terrifying to think that our life is a

---

Donald Fanger is visiting professor of Slavic and Comparative Literature at Harvard, and author of Dostoevsky and Romantic Realism *(Harvard University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tale without a plot or hero, made up out of desolation and glass, out of the feverish babble of constant digression, out of the delirium of the Petersburg influenza." Memory here, for the hero as for the writer, is not so much a conscious act as a desperate gamble at escape from an intolerable present, a new ice age; it is "a sick Jewish girl who steals away in the night from her parents' house to the Nicholas Station thinking that perhaps someone will turn up to carry her off."

The gamble is a marginal success. "Destroy your manuscript," Mandelstam writes at the end of *The Egyptian Stamp*, "but save whatever you have inscribed in the margin out of boredom, out of helplessness, and, as it were, in a dream." Having apparently done as much himself, Mandelstam has performed an act of literary salvage, and added a strange but living link to a century-old tradition.

This is difficult prose—difficult in the diverse manners of Joyce and Biely. As such it is of enormous interest and importance for anyone concerned with modern Russian literature, or with modernism in general. Felicities of vision and phrasing are abundant enough to sustain a non-specialist reader; but the larger connections and deeper meanings need elucidation. This the translator's long introduction and notes provide. Clarence Brown's prefatory essay is a model of its kind—informed, cogent and graceful. Professor Brown has been through the critical literature, has interviewed the survivors of Mandelstam's period who could throw light on him or his work, and has given us a fascinating and nuanced chapter of cultural history in his portrait of the man and his work.

The volume itself is beautifully produced, complete with period illustrations, photographs and a Picasso drawing. The translation reads very well, and offers few grounds for criticism. When Mandelstam is made to say: "In my childhood I absolutely never heard jargon," the last word should be "Yiddish." And "gymnasium" for secondary school, like "football" for soccer, may mislead some American readers. But these are minor lapses in a distinguished and important book.

Was Tolstoy A Gentleman?

RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND MODERN ENGLISH FICTION. Edited by Donald Davie. University of Chicago Press. 244 pp. $5.50. $1.95 paper.

Andrew Field

Surely this anthology of critical essays, articles and reviews is grossly mistitled, but then a book must have *some* title, and one is hard put to find the suitable label for Donald Davie's collection. Although I am fully aware of its inadequacy, I offer as a suggestion for future reprintings: *The Russian Soul As Seen on English Soil (and Vice Versa), Being Also a Panoramic Survey of Social Attitudes and National Prejudices, Both Negative and Positive.* Of course even this title does not acknowledge the presence in the book of a good deal of Russian criticism of Russian literature, an essay by Thomas Mann on Chekhov, or a long essay by Ford Madox Ford on John Galsworthy (which includes an anecdote or two about Turgenev), but I think it does better capture the spirit of the collection, and so I ask indulgence to refer to it in this way.

I hasten to add at this point that *The Russian Soul As Seen on English Soil* is on the whole a joyful and enriching reading experience. Donald Davie has made a discovery the importance of which at this writing can only be guessed at, namely, that literary criticism of little intrinsic value as criticism may, all the same, possess great social value and charm when dug up years later by the sensitive anthologist. This new approach was foreshadowed by the usage of mock criticism as a literary device in such authors as Jorge Luis Borges and Vladimir Nabokov, but Donald Davie is the first to have built an entire book from the curiosities which are usually cited once or twice in stuffy old-fashioned modern studies.

The collection begins with an anonymous 1862 review of Tolstoy's *Childhood and Youth* which announces: ". . . We naturally wish to know what a creditable Russian is like. But the translator, although possessing a very fair command of the English language, knows very little of English tastes. . . . The world can get on very well without criticisms written by a son on the behaviour of his father at his mother's funeral."

But Tolstoy did gain slowly with the English, and in 1907 we find George Saintsbury writing: "The Count is a gentleman as Lamb was and as Byron was not; just as he is a gentleman as Shelley was and as Hazlitt was not." Saintsbury, to whom Anna Karenina was uninteresting as a literary character, cites Matthew Arnold to question whether Tolstoy's novels are works of art at all; and to claims for their verisimilitude to life, he snorts: ". . . perhaps they are, but in a strangely unlicked and unfinished condition."

The essay by George Moore, written in 1919, has an opening sentence which could be envied by any writer of criticism: "One morning, while thinking of Tourgueneff, my thoughts were interrupted by the galloping of a horse." Turgenev, decides Moore, is in reality a Greek tragic genius, and "did not whisper once reach me that Tourgueneff came from the Crimea, once a Greek colony?" Tolstoy, on the other hand, is "a Tartar hungering for the desert."

D. S. Merezhkovsky on Dostoevsky and Tolstoy is included, presumably on the grounds that his essays were early translated into English and therefore had a formative effect on English opinion. (Certainly there can be no other grounds.) Merezhkovsky, with his fatal penchant for philosophical questions and critical antipodes (in this his *Tolstoy and Dostoevsky* must bear the indirect paternity of George Steiner's *Tolstoy or Dostoevsky*), uses both authors for his own ends. But Merezhkovsky does always keep the texts before him as he preaches, which gives him a decided advantage over some of the other contributors to *The Russian Soul.*

The most lively selections—really, almost none, except serious old Henry James, are dull!—are those by D. H. Lawrence. Here we fully appreciate the importance of the context in which the articles appear, for we see not only the themes dear to Lawrence's heart but also the critical tradition in which he follows: "We've got another of these morbidly introspective Russians, morbidly wallowing in adoration of Jesus, then getting up and spitting in His beard. . . . Oh, how I love purity!—and so forth. Then they give a loud *crepitus ventris* as a punctuation." To this irritating

---

Andrew Field is currently at work on a critical study of Vladimir Nabokov, to be published by Little, Brown, and is a regular contributor to The New Leader *and other journals.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

national character defect Lawrence gives the term "Russianizing."

This anthology is not really for the student of Russian or English literature, but it is of great value to those seeking a picture of the socio-literary atmosphere of the past. One can imagine what good use might be made of our critical press in a century. The overall impression is that of approaching an exotic statue from behind and attempting, from the grimaces and gesticulations of the crowd in front of the statue, to construct an image of it in your mind. *The Russian Soul* is especially recommended for those who have grown overly complacent about the "comparative literature problem."

There is a sudden shift of tone toward the end of the anthology with a spirited and interesting exchange (1961) between Henry Gifford and Raymond Williams on D. H. Lawrence and *Anna Karenina,* and—an afterthought?—homage is given to modern American criticism with Philip Rahv's 1949 essay on Gogol. Most important, there is a long and rambling essay on Tolstoy, Lermontov, Stendhal, Sterne, Pushkin, Rousseau, Turgenev and a few others by Donald Davie himself. At 40 pages it is by far the most extensive piece in the collection, and one fears that uncharitable minds will accuse Davie of having built an anthology to house his own piece. But there is no doubt in this reviewer's mind that Donald Davie's book is one of the most refreshing and fascinating literary put-ons of our time.

Mutual Misunderstanding

RUSSIA AND GERMANY: A Century of Conflict. By Walter Laqueur. Little, Brown and Co. 367 pp. $6.75.

John Gimbel

Mr. Laqueur states in his preface that this book is "a study in mutual misunderstanding," that it is a "history of ideas and attitudes as they shaped the political consciousness of millions of people in Central and Eastern Europe, thus decisively affecting the history of our time," and that it is written with a "feeling of immediacy." He states, further, that it concentrates "on the metapolitics of Russian-German relations. Diplomatic initiatives should not be overrated," he continues, because "diplomats really had very little scope for their activities" since "they did what they were told to do."

Mr. Laqueur hopes that he will not be "rebuked for failing to provide a systematic diplomatic history," but he is convinced "that what Germans and Russians thought about each other, their civilizations, ways of life, and political systems mattered much more in the long run than all the diplomatic reports." It would, admittedly, be unfair to criticize him for not writing the diplomatic history he never intended to write. It *is* fair, however, to question whether it is possible to shed light on political questions by discussing "metapolitical" relations. In short, the uninitiated (unconsecrated?) reader who is accustomed to rely upon more mundane evidence and documentation will find the "metapolitical" approach less than convincing, if not disturbing.

Approximately half of *A Century of Conflict* is covered in the first 50 pages. The bulk of the study traces Nazi-Soviet "misunderstandings and misjudgments" roughly from the end of World War I to the end of World War II. There is a brief and superficial discussion of postwar developments, a chapter—only tangentially related to the rest of the study—on Stalin and Hitler, and a short chapter entitled "Russia, Germany and the Future." The study concentrates particularly on the objectives and functions of the Anti-Komintern; on the Nazi image of communism; on the Soviet image of fascism; and on the role of the Baltic Germans (Alfred Rosenberg, Marx Erwin von Scheubner-Richter, et al.), and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* on the rise of National Socialism.

Mr. Laqueur's description of the Nazi image of communism and the Soviet image of fascism is indeed lucid and clear. The Nazis viewed communism as "the revolt of the criminal underworld against the Aryan race and all its values" or as "the Judaeo-masonic revolt of the racial underworld." The Nazi position was not an ideological one and it made little sense in Rome and Tokyo. It was, however, sufficient for Germans and National Socialists. They "were not great theoreticians but they knew instinctively who were their enemies." The Soviets, he shows with precision and detail, viewed fascism as "the open terrorist dictatorship of the most reactionary, chauvinistic, and imperialistic elements of monopoly capitalism," and they thought Fascists to be "the praetorian guard of monopoly capitalism." This view of fascism blinded Communists to some of the essential characteristics of totalitarian National Socialism: its strong nationalist base and its tendency to make the "economy subservient to its own non-economic purposes (such as war or aggression)." The Soviet view of fascism is particularly interesting in light of the observation that the Soviets did not study fascism anew from 1945 to 1953 and that they have done nothing substantial since 1953.

Mr. Laqueur is obviously at his best here. His main interest was, from the outset, what Germans and Russians thought about each other. When he writes with this focus, his contribution is significant and most interesting. But his discussions of the Baltic-German influence and the Anti-Komintern—both major segments of the book—are not convincing, and they have the deleterious effect of destroying the focus of the book.

Why should we accept his idea that Rosenberg, Scheubner-Richter, and the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* had a "more tangible and substantial impact" on the early Nazi movement than those factors which have been "prominently featured" in the literature to date? His own statements beg the question: The Nazis' early propa-

John Gimbel is associate professor of history at Humboldt State College. He is the author of A German Community under American Occupation: Marburg, 1945-1952 *(Stanford University Press), and under a Rockefeller grant is presently preparing a book analyzing the impact of American occupation policies on German politics.*

His Gift

My father loved my mother when she died.
After that he stayed away from houses.
He lived in forests with the hounds and foxes
who made an old, fierce grief articulate.

I learn still from small animals of wood
he carved and put into my hands in place of words.

Betty Sharp Adcock

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ganda "was directed against the 'November criminals' (the Social Democrats and Democrats) who had stabbed the victorious German Army in the back and accepted the Versailles Treaty. . . . Ideologically, Scheubner-Richter's impact on Hitler was negligible. . . . Hitler and Rosenberg did not need the assistance of Russian right-wing extremists [whose ideas were spread in Germany by Rosenberg] to formulate a National Socialist political philosophy. . . . Close relations between these Russian groups and the Nazis were not resumed after Hitler emerged from prison. . . . The Nazis were indifferent to these potential allies, and did everything to discourage them [at a time—it might be added — when the Nazi Party emerged in its full colors]. . . . Hitler always had a propensity for autosuggestion."

In sum, these statements suggest that despite his extensive treatment of the Baltic-German influence, Mr. Laqueur is himself not quite ready to abandon the prevailing analyses of the origins of National Socialism found in the works of George L. Mosse, Allan Bullock, A. J. P. Taylor, Gerhard Ritter, Friedrich Meinecke, and even William L. Shirer. (It may be an insignificant curiosity, but none of these people are mentioned anywhere in the book, and only Bullock is listed in the bibliography.) Mr. Laqueur states that Hitler's enemies, in the beginning, were Jews, the peace treaties and Marxism, which meant "in nine cases out of ten, the ruling Social Democrats, not the Communists." From all this it might be concluded that Hitler may not have needed the Baltic Germans at all. True, the latter provided convenient ammunition to use against Hitler's enemies, but the mainsprings of his movement seem to be the very factors "prominently featured" in current analyses of the origins of National Socialism.

Had Mr. Laqueur related the Baltic-German influence to the conventional wisdom on the ideological roots of National Socialism, the personal prejudices Hitler developed in his Vienna and Munich experiences, and the political, social and economic problems faced by Germans because of the lost war, the economic crises and the peace treaties, his contribution would be most significant. It is simply asking too much to expect the reader to assimilate this new information and relate it to the body of literature already in existence, no easy task even for the scholar steeped in the subject. Since the reader is in no position to do this, and since Mr. Laqueur did not do it, one is led to wonder if it can be done with any degree of clarity at all. It is apparent from Mr. Laqueur's own statements, and from his summary of what a future historian will say about fascism, that the Baltic-German influence is hardly a substitute for the conventional wisdom on the origins of National Socialism.

Discussion of the Anti-Komintern—another topic on which Mr. Laqueur adds new material—is no more satisfying. Mr. Laqueur's major point is that "the true aim of the Anti-Komintern was not to denounce the Soviet Union but to gain support in the West for Nazi policy." This interesting and provocative idea literally begs documentary support of a political rather than metapolitical nature. But the reader gets only the same idea three times restated, and three times the reader is denied clear and precise documentation. As a matter of fact, what documentation there is raises more questions than it answers. For example: Mr. Laqueur submits a statement by the secretary of the Anti-Komintern to the effect that it had "only *one* assignment; the struggle against Judaeo-Bolshevism," and then quickly adds the undocumented correction that "its real aim was to win friends and support for Nazi Germany." In support of this correction, he quotes—without citation—Ribbentrop's observation that Anti-Komintern activities "will make us many friends abroad," and then goes on to show at some length that the Anti-Komintern sought contacts with the Western world through its office in Holland and by other activities. But is this sufficient evidence for such a new and revolutionary thesis? Given his position, what else should Ribbentrop have said on his first meeting with the secretary of the Anti-Komintern? Where else should the Anti-Komintern have sought contacts? In Russia? But Mr. Laqueur himself tells us that the Gestapo handled the campaign against Bolshevism and that the Anti-Komintern's "assistance was in any case hardly needed."

More crucial than the foregoing details is Mr. Laqueur's failure to relate his thesis to the dissolution of the Anti-Komintern. He reports the fact of the dissolution in August-September, 1939, but he fails to show how this is related to its attempt to win friends in the West. The traditional view is that the new political alliance with Russia caused its demise. But if its purpose was never anti-Communist or anti-Russian, one might ask why it didn't just change tactics and continue to promote its real objective? In any case, the Anti-Komintern's public posture as an agency to combat communism and the fact of its dissolution at the time of the Russian-German *rapprochement* need to be set aside, if a case is to be made that its "real" objective was to win friends in the West. Neither is done effectively.

So long as Mr. Laqueur confines himself to his objective to show what Germans and Russians thought

ANY 3 of these best sellers at $1 each

	LIST
☐ ORIGINS: THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS — ERIC PARTRIDGE	$16.00
☐ THE WORKS OF MARQUIS DE SADE (complete Justine, Philosophy in the Bedroom)	15.00
☐ GAMES PEOPLE PLAY — ERIC BERNE, M.D.	5.00
☐ THE OLYMPIA READER — MAURICE GIRODIAS, ed.	12.50
☐ MANCHILD IN THE PROMISED LAND — CLAUDE BROWN	5.95
☐ BARTLETT'S FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS — latest edition	10.00
☐ THE CRADLE OF EROTICA — EDWARDES & MASTERS	9.50
☐ ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE GREAT QUOTATIONS — GEORGE SELDES	15.00
☐ AN AMERICAN DREAM — NORMAN MAILER	4.95
☐ WOMEN — JOHN PHILIP LUNDIN	6.50
☐ UNDER THE VOLCANO — MALCOLM LOWRY	5.95
☐ GOING TO MEET THE MAN — JAMES BALDWIN	4.95
☐ LITTLE BIG MAN — THOMAS BERGER	5.95
☐ MARIE BEGINNING — ALFRED GROSSMAN	4.50
☐ THE BOLSHEVIKS — ADAM ULAM	9.95
☐ NEGATIVES — PETER EVERETT	4.95
☐ I LOST IT AT THE MOVIES — PAULINE KAEL	6.00
☐ THE DEMONS (2 vols.) — HEIMITO VON DODERER	13.50
☐ THE WAPSHOT SCANDAL — JOHN CHEEVER	4.95
☐ THE FAMILY MOSKAT — ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER	5.95
☐ ANTI-SEMITE AND JEW — JEAN-PAUL SARTRE	4.00

Check 3 books wanted and mail with your name and address to The Mid-Century Book Society, 400 Community Drive, Manhasset, N.Y. Only obligation is to buy three additional books in the coming year from the many to be offered. Invoice for $3 plus handling will accompany books.

NA-11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about each other, he does an outstanding job. In suggesting a new factor in the origins of National Socialism and a different orientation of the Anti-Komintern, he apparently forces his materials beyond what they will demonstrate. The first point he hardly believes himself, and the second he does not document adequately, nor does he reconcile his conclusions with the evidence to the contrary which he presents also.

What impression does the author hope to leave with readers when they have forgotten all the details: that the National Socialists are gone and have long since been replaced by Germans who are willing to analyze the totalitarian episode in their past, and that this results in a clearer view of the totalitarian nature of the Soviet regime? What he writes about Soviet writers since Stalin is revealing in this context: "However emphatically Soviet writers might denounce Fascism, there would be uncomfortable parallels, and how could they possibly fail to compare it with other dictatorships? Reading about the *fuehrerprinzip* [*sic*] in Germany, for instance, what Soviet citizen could help thinking about the 'cult of the individual' nearer home?" Is the book trying to tell the reader that Germans no longer misunderstand Communists in the way Nazis did, but that the Soviets persist in misunderstanding fascism?

Thank God for Goering!

LENINGRAD 1941: The Blockade. By Dmitri Pavlov. Translated by John Clinton Adams. Foreword by Harrison E. Salisbury. University of Chicago Press. 186 pp. $4.50.

Alexander Werth

Harrison Salisbury, who now contributes an admirable foreword to it, strongly urged in *The New York Times* three years ago that Pavlov's book on the blockade of Leningrad should be published in English. It is excellent that his advice should at last have been followed. Written by a Soviet official who describes himself a little vaguely as one "who dealt with problems of food supply from the beginning of the siege [in September, 1941] till the end of January, 1942," Pavlov's story is one of the most important source books on the grim subject of the Leningrad famine. According to the Russian figure quoted at the Nuremberg trial, more than 600,000 died in Leningrad as a result of the blockade, but it is now commonly asserted in Leningrad that at least a million died (that is, about one-third of the 3 million people trapped in the city by the Germans on September 8, 1941). Pavlov does not go into this; what his book contributes is a mass of factual and statistical material. A part of Pavlov's story is a severe indictment of the unjustified optimism, thoughtlessness and incompetence of the people in charge of the city's defense. Instead of evacuation, they mobilized nearly a million people to dig trenches and build fortifications which would slow down the German advance. In this they were perhaps right; though there were at least 2 million others who could have been evacuated. Even old people to whom evacuation was suggested but who proved reluctant to leave were praised by the authorities for their courage and their "Leningrad patriotism."

This heroically unrealistic attitude was to end in tragedy. Some quite absurd things happened; when the Germans started their air raids on Leningrad, many children were evacuated to places that were about to be captured by the Germans, and had to be promptly brought back to the city. Important food stores were moved from areas in the south and west threatened by the German advance, but instead of sending such stores to Leningrad, they were sent farther east. Plans had also been drawn up for evacuating most of the industrial equipment of Leningrad. However, by the time the German ring closed round the city (except for the precarious waterway across Lake Ladoga), very little had been done, and the bulk of the industrial equipment could not be sent east until the famous Ice Road across the lake had properly come into operation, that is, not until February, 1942.

Pavlov's story is particularly valuable for supplying exact figures of the incredibly low food reserves in the city of 3 million people, and for explaining, in great detail, how the rations, already meager enough in September, had to be lowered *five times* between the beginning of the blockade and November 20, when they reached the all-time low of half a pound of bread for "privileged" ration-card holders, and of a quarter of a pound for the "unprivileged." This lasted till December 25, when the rations were very slightly increased, but so slightly that at least 5,000 people continued to die of hunger every day, often dropping dead in the street, their bodies lying there, covered with snow for days. Several hundred thousand people died of hunger between November and February; but many hundred thousand more died of the after-effects of the famine between February and the next summer.

If the first part of Pavlov's story is a serious indictment of those who had failed to foresee the blockade, the second part is, on the contrary, a warm tribute to the heroism and stoicism of the people of Leningrad, and to Zhdanov, who organized, under incredibly difficult conditions, a life line across Lake Ladoga. It was essential, above all, to have enough food for the 200,000 or 300,000 soldiers who were firmly holding the fortified lines both north and south of Leningrad—in some places only 2 or 3 miles outside the city boundaries. Under German bombs and shellfire, small

Alexander Werth, The Nation's European correspondent, is the author of Leningrad *(Knopf, 1944) and* Russia At War *(Dutton, 1964). His* De Gaulle: A Political Biography *has been published in England and will be brought out here by Simon & Schuster.*

I WANT TO KNOW

How Citizen Exchange Corps Helps Americans Find Out

If Russians Have Horns!

Send me Free reprints of *N. Y. Times* articles and editorials telling about CEC, a non-profit, tax-exempt foundation. How it brings Americans of all ages and occupations to Russia for 3-week visits with counterparts. How it gives hospitality to Soviet visitors in U.S. And how I can participate in this program, which will lead eventually to exchanges of Americans and Soviets to live and work in each other's country for 6 months to 2 years.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP NO. _____

Mail to:

CITIZEN EXCHANGE CORPS
550 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ships and barges brought food to Leningrad across the 30 miles of Lake Ladoga, and when the lake froze, the great problem was to build an Ice Road across it. By capturing Tikhvin, east of the lake on November 9, the Germans ruined the chances of the Ice Road. The Russians could then reach Lake Ladoga only along an improvised 200-mile road crossing a wild forest. This road proved completely useless, and it was only by recapturing Tikhvin on December 9 that the Russian troops, under General Meretskov, literally saved Leningrad. It was during this critical "Tikhvin" phase that the rations in Leningrad were cut down to almost nothing. Even after the liberation of Tikhvin it took at least six more weeks before the famous Ice Road could be put into operation. By February the road was working well; its organization was a remarkable feat of human endurance.

The grim story of the civilians of Leningrad is one of the most tragic in the whole war. With one exception, I was the only Western correspondent to have been in Leningrad during the blockade; that was in 1943 when the city was still under shellfire, but the worst of the famine was over. Literally everybody talked about the famine of the winter of 1941-42. When I was in Leningrad again last year, older people who had lived through the famine still talked about it. It was a nightmare which, even twenty years later, they could not forget. And yet, most of them recalled those days with a touch of pride. The tragedy was different in quality from, say, that of the Nazi extermination camps; Leningraders died often with the comforting last thought that the city had not been surrendered to the Germans. Pavlov rightly pays tribute to the discipline and the high morale that marked Leningrad even during those fearful months; to the incredible toughness and endurance of the young people who, though faint with hunger themselves, were cutting timber, looking after the sick and dying, and spending hours on roofs doing anti-fire service.

Some of the more fearful aspects of the famine are glossed over in Pavlov's book; but there are some references to them in an equally, perhaps more valuable Russian book, A. V. Karasev's *Leningrad in the Days of the Blockade*, not yet translated. Karasev speaks of the numerous cases of "psychic trauma" produced by the famine; and when I was in Leningrad last year, I heard of elderly people I had known in my youth, and of others, who had gone insane during the famine. It is also well known that, in desperation, people cut off pieces from the corpses lying all over the place and ate them (often with fatal results), and that there were even some cases of cannibalism when children were killed and eaten.

There is, I think, another element which might be added to the Leningrad story—even though it is an odd word to use in this tragic context — and that is luck. Not only did the Germans fail to capture Leningrad in September, 1941, but during the 900 days of the siege that followed they failed to destroy it, despite Hitler's maniacal screams that this should be done. Is it not a case of again saying "thank God for Goering!"? For if the *Luftwaffe* had been able to do to London, Moscow or Leningrad what the Western air forces did to German cities like Dresden (not to mention Hiroshima), the war might have taken a different course. If in the worst air raids on London not 2,000 but 100,000 had been killed each time, I doubt whether London could have "taken it." I am not trying to minimize the heroism of the soldiers who stopped the Germans; what I mean is that World War II was probably the last major war in which the weapons of destruction were often still not strong enough to make human courage and endurance *quite* meaningless—as no doubt they will be in World War III—if and when it comes. Even in 1945, German and Japanese courage no longer mattered.

Pavlov's book constitutes a strong critique of Stalin, who is held responsible, at least indirectly, for Leningrad's fearful plight; it is, at the same time, an apologia for Zhdanov and other leaders of the city's defense. I know from my own 1943 experience that Stalin was not popular in Leningrad, and his pictures, even in public offices, were fewer than Zhdanov's. After Zhdanov's death in 1948, Stalin started a major purge against the Leningrad party chiefs who had had the effrontery to suggest that, after all it had suffered and achieved, Leningrad be made the capital of the RSFSR (i.e., the Russian Republic), while Moscow remained that of the USSR, with the result that most of the leaders of the defense of Leningrad were shot.

Today Leningrad is a sad city. It has become provincial. What talent Leningrad produces—in science, in literature, in the arts, the theatre or cinema —sooner or later drifts to Moscow. Among the writers, there are a few die-hard Leningraders still — Anna Akhmatova, Olga Bergholz, Yuri German and a few more. The spiritual, rather than physical decline of Leningrad since the war is one of the saddest phenomena of postwar Russia. It is impossible to dissociate it entirely from the tragedy of 1941-1944, which killed not only people but also something of the historical and cultural tradition they represented.

LETTER from BERLIN

Helga Lohr

Between intellectuals of East and West Europe, a device that might be termed "meet-ins" may succeed in blowing life into the concept of peaceful coexistence, such as the by now famous conference on Kafka in Prague several years back; the West German and International Writers Meetings in East Germany in May of last year; the Rome meeting of the European Community of Writers on the meaning of European *avant-garde* (report by Elisabeth Mann Borgese, *The Nation*, November 1); and the 8th International Week of Documentary and Short Films in Leipzig (November 13-21).

While these conferences took place on an international and professional level, there are other, more casual "meet-ins" which concern exclusively the two parts of Germany, the Federal Republic of Germany and the German Democratic Republic. Writers, theatre people and other creative artists have an opportunity here to meet a public which, while sharing similar intellectual interests, are of differing ideological views. Such gatherings may be prose or poetry readings in East or West Berlin; the opening in West Berlin of an exhibition of the work of an East German artist, followed by a cocktail party where discussion flows freely; or a lecture where an actor from an East Berlin theatre group discusses new problems in Socialist theatre with interested people in Hamburg. Reactions are generally unexpectedly fresh, stimulating new cultural as well as politi-

Helga Lohr is a free-lance journalist and commentator for the German Democratic Republic radio. She has spent many years in the United States and is now living in East Germany.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE! With every **new** subscription to THE NATION

The FBI Nobody Knows

by Fred J. Cook. 414 pp. Pyramid Books. Paperback Edition.

A portion of this important book first appeared in The Nation (October 18, 1958), as a special feature and attracted nation-wide attention and the highest praise. Now it has been rewritten and enlarged with much new material.

" . . . an effective and powerful document. . . . "
—Mark DeWolfe Howe, New York Review of Books

"Fred Cook must be credited with a courageous as well as an illuminating book. Let those who dispute his charges refute them if they can."
—Alan Barth, New York Herald Tribune

"A devastating case against the Federal Bureau of Investigation and its veteran director, J. Edgar Hoover."
—San Francisco Chronicle

"J. Edgar Hoover won't like this book . . . well-documented . . . likely to cause plenty of furor."
—Publisher's Weekly

THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS has the unique distinction of being the central point in the plot of Rex Stout's latest Nero Wolfe who-dun-it, THE DOORBELL RANG.

For your FREE copy of THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS fill out the subscription coupon below, and start receiving The Nation, this country's oldest (1865) weekly journal of dissenting opinion.

THE NATION 333 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y. 10014

Herewith is my order and payment for a NEW subscription to The Nation. Please send me FREE a copy of THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS.

☐ One year, $10 ☐ Two Years, $18 ☐ 6 months, $5
(Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 per year extra)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE ..... ZIP No. .....

1-10-66

cal viewpoints between the divided minds of East and West.

In the course of the last two years, some of these gatherings have become regularized, particularly the literary evenings held in Siegmunds Hof, a student settlement in West Berlin. In a hall seating barely 150 people, sometimes as many as 200 crowd in to listen to some well-known German Democratic Republic poet, like the late Johannes Bobrowski, or novelist, like Anna Seghers, reading from their own works. Nobody seems to mind having to stand for two or three hours. The important thing is to succeed in throwing a barbed question at the visitor from "the other side" to elicit answers pointed to new aspects of the subject under discussion. It is particularly the younger people who are most eager to open doors to one another's minds.

They are a highly sophisticated section of the youth, from both East and West. Although liberal in their thinking and tolerant in their attitudes, young intellectuals from West Germany have little or no inclination to accept Socialist doctrine or Socialist reality as they see it today. Their approach is one of fairness, their motivation a mixture of a genuine desire to find answers for themselves and an honest curiosity about how the other side "thinks." They share with their East German counterparts a desire to prevent a deepening of the emotional and intellectual schism within their country.

Reunification of a divided homeland is only touched on at the periphery; there is too much realistic thinking in the ranks of this group to see such an eventuality as conceivable within the near future. West Germans, however, do express cynicism toward their government's conduct of foreign affairs, and do not condone its stubborn refusal to recognize officially the existence of the German Democratic Republic, or to deal with it in a manner conducive to political *rapprochement*.

West German writers like Günter Grass, Rolf Hochhuth and, to a certain extent, Heinrich Böll, are heroes to these young liberals because they do not shrink from personal engagement in their writings and in their actions. I saw some of these bright, open-minded young people, bearded and unbearded, at a pre-election meeting with Günter Grass in Oberhausen in the Ruhr. They acclaimed Grass for the contempt with which he dealt in his talk with former defense min-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ister, Franz Joseph Strauss, prime mover in the campaign against relaxation of tensions between East and West, and applauded Grass's support for the patient negotiations between the late GDR deputy minister, Erich Wendt, and West Berlin Senator Horst Korber for an agreement permitting West Berlin citizens to visit relatives in East Berlin. This rally marked the first time that West German writers campaigned for a political party, in this case the Social Democratic Party. The fact that Chancellor Ludwig Erhard and party spokesmen like Franz Joseph Strauss labeled these writers *Pinschers* and attacked their political involvement as "childish" only further endeared Grass and Hochhuth to this youth.

A tendency to cast doubt on the integrity and judgment of these young people exists on both sides. In the East, however, the original fear that meetings such as those held at Siegmunds Hof might turn out to be an occasion for "decadent" West Berlin students "to make trouble" has faded; while on the Western side both fear and criticism are on the increase.

As recently as last November 13, the Hamburg daily, *Die Welt*, featured a lengthy article: "It Would Be a Pity for Berlin," subtitled: "Discontent With the Development of an Intellectual Trend." The author, Hans Nerth, expressed deep-felt regret at the passing of the old hostile attitude toward Eastern intellectuals that marked the founding of West Berlin's "Free University." He labeled this generation of West Berlin youth "unprejudiced" but also *ahnungslos* (without any conception of what they are doing), because they have undertaken to create small breaks in rigidly frozen attitudes. He described the writings of East German authors as "chromed Marxist-Leninist confessions" and bemoaned the lack of ideological training in the West to guarantee immunization against greater mutual tolerance. He worried that: "Here and there, the present generation of (West) Berlin already harbors rather easterly dreams today," and feared that this might lead to a "secret longing for vacation-and-study trips, for closer contact with the Zone (the West's term for the German Democratic Republic), with Hungary, Poland or Russia and to the labeling of any skeptic as a 'cold warrior.'"

A rising neo-Fascist atmosphere in West Germany breeds a climate of hysteria against nonconformists, in which occurred the recent book burnings in Düsseldorf, where *The Tin Drum* by Grass and works by Erich Kaestner were consumed by flames. This mad ritual, reminiscent of Hitler days, was performed by the "Young Forceful Christians" with the permission and full approval of the city authorities of Düsseldorf.

I was present at this season's opening session of the Siegmunds Hof "meet-ins," when GDR author Stefan Heym read a chapter from his latest published novel, *The Lenz Papers*, dealing with the 1849 revolution in Baden. Written originally in English, as are all his lengthier works (Heym was born in Germany but spent most of his formative years in the United States), a GDR edition appeared in 1963 and a West German edition has just appeared under the title: *Lenz or Freedom*.

To the "in" audience present that evening, it was common knowledge that there is a manuscript by Heym on the Berlin events of June 17, 1953, which has not yet been published in the GDR. The chairman, in opening the meeting, expressed disappointment that Heym was not reading from that manuscript. To the question, "When will it be published?" Heym replied: "Within a historically foreseeable future," and promised to come and read from it four weeks before publication. To the question, "Why do you think it is not being published?" he simply answered, "Probably it is at present not useful." "Not useful to socialism?" "Yes, not useful to socialism."

On the day of his appearance in West Berlin, a whole page of quotes from *The Lenz Papers* had appeared in one of the foremost West German cultural weeklies, *Die Zeit*, all of which obviously were chosen to display the rebellious mind of Stefan Heym. The page carried the misleading, but sensationally useful head: "The Novel About the 17th of June." It was amusing to note that of the quotes used, a good number were directly from Marx and Engels, who appear as characters in Heym's book, which deals with one of the most active periods of their involvement in the German revolution. The original source of the quotes, however, was conveniently not mentioned by the editor of the page. A week earlier, the same paper had reprinted a piece by Heym from *Les Lettres Françaises* and the Italian cultural magazine, *Rinascita*, stating Heym's credo of the responsibility of a Socialist writer to advance the cause of socialism by telling the truth. There had also been two TV interviews with him in West Germany in October.

It was clear that a large number of those who packed the little hall in Siegmunds Hof had come to hear a controversial writer debate his political views as an artist. This, however, did not constitute the main discussion; the emphasis of the debate was on literary values. In its course, it became clear that literary taboos existing in both parts of Germany are instrumental in creating mutual misunderstanding and that writers and readers in both worlds suffer from such limitations. West Germany had published only one of Heym's numerous books until *Lenz or Freedom* was issued at the end of September. On the other hand, writers in East Germany have limited access to valuable new writing published in West Germany and elsewhere in the West. Though it is possible to obtain copies of *avant-garde* works through libraries or other sources, the efforts involved in doing so are so time consuming that they interfere with the day-to-day work of writing. In the West, the whole spectrum of the literary market is available, from realistic to the most experimental works, except, naturally, all that appears politically undesirable to the literary guardians of that society. Within the great mass of this mostly mediocre literature, there is some very good writing which is very much missed. These losses may turn into a serious handicap even for the best of writers in the Socialist world. Because they are judged and criticized only within the

words

If words interest you, first buy a good dictionary. Then buy a good *Roget*.
We don't publish dictionaries.
We publish the BEST *Roget*. 1405 pp.

THE ORIGINAL
Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases
Americanized for the first time.
Plain $6.95
Thumb Indexed $7.95
ST. MARTIN'S · New York

COMMENTARY*
* WORLD'S BEST ?
SEE FOR YOURSELF

TRIAL 8-MONTH Subscription $3.87 (Reg. $8./year)
Outside USA—add $1.

COMMENTARY, NA-2
165 East 56 St., N.Y., N.Y.
☐ Bill me.
☐ Check enclosed.
Name .....
Address .....
City/State .....
New Subscribers Only

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

framework of one school of writing, the "Socialist realism" school, Socialist writers are deprived of important critical standards which other forms might impart to their own, realist style.

Heym's audience judged the style of the section of the work he read as too simple, and so realistic in detail as to suggest a cinemascope film. Heym explained: "You think I am old-fashioned in my writing. But the problems I want to get across are too complicated for me to engage in stylistic tricks." He mentioned Aragon as somebody akin to his own style. Yet, one could see, his listeners were not entirely convinced.

In the end, though a total meeting of minds was not achieved, there was undoubtedly a great deal of heightened mutual respect. Once again, a small break had been made in a rigidly frozen ideological front.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE WHITE DEVIL

Down amid the roisterers and derelicts of Bleecker Street in the oblong room which is known as the Circle in the Square, off-Broadway's literate audience has made a hit of John Webster's 1612 "tragedy of blood," *The White Devil*. Little wonder: it is a thoroughly contemporary play.

As I left the theatre (unshaken) I asked myself if it is also "great," a masterpiece or whatever it is we usually call a play that has survived the ages. All I felt at the moment was that, with due allowance for near-plagiarism from Shakespeare, it is a "well-written" play, as people (critics included) say when they wish to avoid thinking about a play's content. It is better than well written; it is magnificently written. But was it, I put the question to myself, *good!*

The story is intricate. At times one fails to discern the connective plot tissue. The style alternates between rank melodrama and doleful lyricism, with, in addition, the mad scenes beloved by the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists. There are flashes of savage wit; there is chronic anger. I counted at least seven murders.

The audience doesn't simply approve the play; it has a ball with it! It is in its element. For *The White Devil* is anti-Establishment: all, any, every Establishment from its time to eternity. Webster based his play on events which took place in Italy, but we know he was thinking beyond the confines of the peninsula.

Paul Tillich called Hamlet the first existentialist hero. For existentialist read "modern." But Marlowe's Tamburlaine and Faustus were already that. Machiavelli had previously dissected, explained and rationalized the anatomy of rule (he is mentioned in *The White Devil*) to the evident consternation of Shakespeare and other sweet souls. The secret was out — government, officialdom, the church, courts of law — were all instruments of a destructive process which Jan Kott in his *Shakespeare Our Contemporary* designates as the Great Mechanism. The Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists were bitterly skeptical of power, politics and chivalric action. Hamlet doubts the moral validity of the revenge he is enjoined to wreak upon the King. His doubt renders him indecisive, hopeless and great.

Shakespeare's pessimism is mitigated by love. There is no mitigation in Webster. "Blood, Iago, blood!," Othello cries out in piteous horror. There is no pity in Webster. His heroes are villains. The most fascinating — I almost said attractive — characters in *The White Devil* are a whore and a pimp — brother and sister.

What lends the corruption and violence of the play dignity and makes it something more than a butcher's holiday is its social indignation. For example: "Wilt hear some of my court wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous, and to overcommend some of them is palpable lying." Or, "He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expense that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he had before it." And again, "I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and fresh plasters; but after that, 'twas not to be had."

Not only are the aristocracy scorned but the law and religion as well. ". . . here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with." And, "The first bloodshed in the world happened about religion." War alone is not feared. "There are mighty strokes come from the hand, But there are killing strokes which come from the head." Princes as well as the people suffer. "Misery of princes. That must be censured by their slaves! Not only blamed for doing things are ill, But for not doing all that men will —" And finally, "O, happy they that never saw the court. Nor ever knew great men but by report."

Retribution is rarely suggested except in such lines as: "Dost thou imagine thou canst slide in blood, And not be tainted with a shameful fall?" Treachery not only commands and prevails but is pictured as inescapable. One suspects that the young man who metes out justice at the end — "Let guilty men remember, their black deeds Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds"— would prove still another sanguinary miscreant if the play were to go on.

Here and there as in all plays of this period there are the customary obscenities—as inevitable as the obligatory nudes in present-day films. These too make our audience feel at home. They recognize kinship with this unhypocritical play. It combines features of the play of social protest with those derivatives of the Theatre of the Absurd which extenuate the impulse to protest. But much of these aspects in *The White Devil* remain abstract to our audience. The play is fun, "art"— undisturbing. There is no pain in it at all.

To a large extent this is due to Jack Landau's production. It is "well spoken, with good accent and good discretion." In this sense one may commend Frank Langella, Paul Stevens, Eric Berry, Robert Burr, Maria Tucci and the blond oddness of Carrie Nye (the white devil) whose diction, voice and carriage of neck and shoulders are equally peculiar. But though continuously interesting it is in another sense hardly a production at all. For economy's sake the

"A STUNNING PLAY, ONE OF THE FINEST OF OUR AGE. YOU SHOULD NOT MISS IT."
—Howard Taubman, The N.Y. Times

JASON ROBARDS ANNE BANCROFT
THE DEVILS
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $7.95; Rear Mezz. $6.25, 5.50, 4.50, 3.50, 2.95. Fri. & Sat. Evgs., Orch. & Front Mezz. $8.75; Rear Mezz. $6.50, 5.75, 4.75, 4.00, 2.95. Wed. & Sat. Mats., Orch. & Front Mezz. $6.25; Rear Mezz. $4.75, 4.00, 3.50, 3.00, 1.95.
BROADWAY THEATRE 53rd St. & B'way, 247-7992

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

characters are dressed in mufti. Modern clothes do not make a play any more contemporaneous than period dress since on the stage everything must be both false and real — in a word *expressive* of a dramatic meaning. For economy's sake too we get no significant sense of place. Imaginative costumes, settings and character make-up would contribute much to the kind of atmosphere this play demands if it is not to be a bare graph.

The production's most serious lack is some "flower of evil." The actors all struck me as wholly without blemish, even without concupiscence: thoroughly innocent! *The White Devil* becomes child's play. Is it that — together with the painted horror — which pleases its Village audience? Never mind: it deserves its longevity; it is still worth seeing.

ART

Max Kozloff

EPIPHANIES OF ARTIFICE

As recently as five years ago, I had resigned myself to a mere fondness for the art of René Magritte. His deadpan pranks in paint, such as the choo-choo steaming out from beneath the mantle, tickled a genuine, if self-indulgent wonder. But it was not the regressiveness of my taste for seeing impossible things which held back respect. Rather, it was the absence of any striving for the impossible in his *way* of seeing them. Which is to say that the transparent means by which he visualized his images were academic, or at least appeared to be academic.

And now, after Johns and Pop art, after the *"chosisme"* of Robbe-Grillet, and the illusionist theories of Ernst Gombrich, there seems something not only more cagey and owlish in Magritte but more profound and liberating as well. The enigmas which he set out "to picture" have backfired into the substance and meaning of that "picturing" — that is, the representational process itself. Currently, a nice retrospective of this Belgian Surrealist, dealing with his career from 1927 to the present, is on view at the Museum of Modern Art. It is something of a revelation.

Practically everything within Magritte's extremely diversified output can be summarized by the word "contradiction." If one does not understand that objects or conditions are deliberately opposed to each other, one understands nothing. The village sleeps in deadest night, and the sky unpretentiously glows with the day, in "The Empire of Light." These are hard, unalterable facts. But, of course, there are differing values of contradiction and of understanding. Conversely, there are also different aspects of intention and overall significance. What so frequently happens in Magritte is that a self-evident idea-puzzle conceals a subtle epistemological jolt. Understanding has here to be a little tactless, a little analytical.

Perhaps the least arresting of his procedures is initially the most shocking: metamorphosis. Nothing by now could be more banal than fish-headed humans, shoe feet, and burning tubas. Such mutations or miracles, long a stock in trade of fantastic art, are arch when they are not romantic. And Magritte, with his factual style and suburban outlook, tends not to be a Romantic.

But the discrepancy between metamorphosis and *displacement* gratifies the curiosity in a more demanding way. Perhaps the most celebrated of his canvases is "The False Mirror," 1928, an enormous eye whose iris has been replaced by the sky, and whose pupil becomes a black sun. Instead of rapidly adjusting to slick plastic surgery—the sort of thing so tasteless in Dali—the spectator here oscillates between the sensation of looking through, and of being observed by, an aperture; or of being simultaneously inside and outside an interior. Spatially, it is a clever enough *double-entendre;* but intellectually, it succinctly illuminates Magritte's diabolical open-endedness. The mind and the eye are false mirrors of reality, echoing nothingness between themselves. And yet, they are the only organs of perception we have. Although he rightly disclaims using symbols, here is Symbolism of a kind—and the real chimera of his vision.

From "The False Mirror" to "The Human Condition I," 1934, the most archetypal of his ideas, one takes only a short step. A view of a landscape from a window is almost blocked out by a canvas on an easel, depicting that same landscape. Yet, with huge coincidence, "painted" and "real" nature turn out to be identical. The contradiction here consists in *not* showing the difference one expects. There is a tradition in modern art of painting pictures within pictures. Whether the contained is in the same style as the container is relatively unimportant, if the overall style, that is, the particular subjugation of the outer world, is established. But Magritte's transparency, his apparent *stylelessness* gives this scene a disturbing plausibility. By showing that there is no difference between "fact" and "representation," he undermines both. "The Human Condition" is an epiphany of artifice. No matter how objective, the artist is doomed to paint only what pre-exists in his mind. Yet, if sensory data happens to concur with mental prejudice —and in Magritte nothing is accidental—then the idea of the imagination itself is a figment. It goes a long way to explain the still-point, or perhaps the still-life, aspect of Magritte's art, that everything one knows is at the same time self-canceling and affirming. Painting, considered simply as a process of "making" images and "matching" them with observed "reality" — in Gombrich's terms — becomes an infinitely mysterious business.

As if to ward off those who would insist on making distinctions of quality within that mystery, Magritte reiterates that he is not interested in painting. This is his ultimate contradiction. The real heresy to an artist of his persuasion would be the sniffishness of a spectator who would deflate enchantment into a sequence of handsome or indifferent objects. Often enough, in his works, one finds no correlation between extraordinary conceptions, such as those I've just mentioned, and beautiful handling. Under no circumstances will Magritte tolerate any aesthetic distance from the bewilderment he hopes to elicit. But

SUMMERLANE CAMP

in the tradition of

The Little Commonwealth
Summerhill

The Gorky Colony

Continuing an exploration of the boundaries of freedom in democracy; seeking to teach that love is something more than need; that work and creativity are inseparable.

•

Now in our 4th summer
Boys and Girls, Ages 5-19

•

BUCKBROOK FARM
North Branch 10, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this is a heresy the viewer in turn transcends, if he recognizes at all the differences between art and life. Any distractedness, any merely prosaic limning of the Magrittean world, in fact, tends to prevent him from entering with the desired credulity. These delirious coincidences have to "exist" after all, and only the power of painting—luminous, tactile and chromatic—can bring about that existence.

The most remarkable aspect of Magritte's pictorial vocabulary is its uncanny equilibrium between the general and the specific. Rather flat and dry, with a firm tonal control, his execution is well suited to a descriptive chore it never quite completes. Part of its appeal is that it can obviously tell so much more than it is willing to tell. Solidity is just a trifle too bald, and atmospheric distance a bit overschematized, to root one down or gear in space with perfect comfort. The light, too, in his paintings is tangible without being particular. Unlike de Chirico, who in other respects greatly influenced him, Magritte de-emphasizes shadow. Given these strictures, it requires the most exquisite discrimination, the most diffident bravura, to cube a fluffy clouded sky, or paper it onto the walls of a room. And to anyone interested in the vicissitudes of lines that lose themselves in leafy shapes, or blur into mountain creases or ocean foam (they exhibit a surprising similarity), Magritte's drawing can be a very subtle spectacle. Throughout, there is a whiff of stage-set painting here, done up, however, with a great deal more good faith, high definition, and optical brilliance than the "real" thing.

Or rather, I should say there is a portrayal of stage-set situations, for if one can accept, one cannot quite locate, the environment of his various tableaux. Psychologically, it is absolutely necessary that this be so, for to personalize a dilemma is also, in some fashion, to be able to escape from it. Magritte's settings, while obviously Northern European, are denatured enough to press deeply into everyone's consciousness of the familiar. Yet there is nothing very nostalgic or very immediate about his quotidian. A homeless naturalism informs his parks and caves and hotel rooms; and a geographical vagueness lurks under every physical clarity. Exempt from time, the bourgeois context, with its imaginatively wrought *déjà vu*, distills a reluctant poetry.

But it is more in a kind of inverted logic that Magritte, diverging rapidly from orthodox Surrealism, excels. Rain may fall on *top* of a lowly cloud, a tree may take the shape of one of its leaves, or a house will appear within the room revealed by one of its own opened windows. In "The Wind and the Song," 1928-29, a pipe is subtitled *"Ceci n'est pas une pipe"*—startlingly, but rationally, since one can't smoke it. Representations, words and the objects they label are demonstrated not to be the same things, which makes a great deal of sense, but not to customary usage. Magritte was also among the first to make primers of discontinuity, so that a man reading a paper is present in only one of four portrayals of his living room, or the body of a nude is segmented rather agonizingly in five small panels. These irrevocable absences, cuts from a witless cinema, are highly disconcerting. Milder, but I think more beautiful, are the analogies, sometimes incidental, sometimes prominent, that the artist makes between disparate phenomena. The striations in a giant tortoiseshell comb and in cloud patterns have something to do with each other. And the conical turret juxtaposed with a receding boulevard the same height and shape, on a canvas within the canvas ("The Promenade of Euclid"), almost foil examination. These are not visual quips so much as isolations and magnifications of neglected confusions. Compared to such extremely simple, intimate analogies of totally unlike presences, techniques of scale change and levitation, spelled out elsewhere, do not reveal Magritte at his best. For, they require him to "picture" an exotic vista, instead of far more sympathetically camouflaging, and hence abstracting, the ordinary.

By means of this camouflage, Magritte raises the most fruitful doubts about the conventions of painting—doubts that are now seen to have pointed toward the future. Johns, for instance, unconsciously takes Magritte's juggling of known conventions into real space, expunging representation entirely. And yet, to oppose, as he does, the perception of literal material, mere markings on a cloth, with the illusionistic potential of that material, echoes the example of Magritte. As for Jim Rosenquist, he enlarges, subdivides and transplants the processes of the Belgian master into our hectic hard-sell advertising imagery. Despite the quietism of the one, and the uproar of the other, Magritte himself goes blithely on, in confirmed and beguiling impurity.

Variation on a Theme by Robert Graves

O greater mother
consider the case
of one who twists
his neck
from under your foot
to bite the big toe.

Six times!
I brought you
libations and flowers.
Each time I came
you gobbled us up
then fed me the fish-eye
through two of my blind ribs.

O mantis-muse
flexing calves to crack
an inferior back
I'm going to cloud
your mirror with my death.

George Stade

ART

ORIGINALS COST LESS THAN REPRODUCTIONS! Contemporary original signed etchings lithographs, woodcuts, **$3.50.** Guarantee. Free brochure. **GRAPHIC CIRCLE (NA) 68 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10011.**

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS – Economical, insured moving and storage. Vans, Wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. **The Padded Wagon, Inc., AL 5-8343 (NYC), 569 Hudson Street, New York 14. PSC 709**

PERSONALS

TV BELLYFUL? Hucksters Sound Switch turns TV speaker on and OFF; 20 feet of wire. Easily installed. Ethical. Money back guarantee. Send $3.75 postpaid—**The A. N. Mantell Co., Dept. N, P. O. Box 228, Ellenville, N. Y. 12428.**

SIX different colorful anti-war buttons. $1.00 postpaid from: **Student Peace Union, 5 Beekman Street, New York City 10038.**

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 1-10-66
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $5

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
CITY .....
STATE ..... ZIP NO. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED